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IRISH SERVICES TO EDUCATION, SCIENCE, AND LITERATURE IN THE UNITED STATES.

THE services which Irish genius has rendered to education, science, and literature in the United States should not be underrated by enlightened Americans who honor knowledge, reward its propagators, and appreciate the benefits it confers upon mankind. If Irish valor has won unfading laurels on every battle-field of the republic, Irish genius, under unfavorable circumstances, has achieved still greater victories. Irish courage has never been questioned in this country, but Irish intelligence has not yet received from many American scholars that meed of praise, that generous recognition to which it is eminently entitled. To sneer at the ignorance of humble Irish emigrants, without making allowance for the barbarous policy which enforced ignorance as their inheritance, is unworthy of the most bigoted Puritan New England ever saw. The victims of tyranny should not be insulted by the champions of freedom. Those sneering critics, who affect a wonderful zeal for the education of Irish emigrants, are generally ignorant of Irish history. They are prompt to echo the slanders of English writers, but slow to read or study the authentic annals of Irish suffering, Irish fidelity, and Irish heroism.

The Catholics of Ireland are still suffering from the effects of a penal code which the great Samuel Johnson denounced as worse than the ten persecutions of the Pagan emperors, and which the illustrious Edmund Burke stigmatized as the most perfect engine ever invented by the perverted ingenuity of man for the degradation of human nature itself.

The Catholic Celt had no legal existence in the land of his birth—the land of his fathers. He was deprived of every right and privilege, social, political, educational, and religious, which a freeman should enjoy; and if he had the courage to protest against the inhuman treatment to which he was so mercilessly subjected, he was punished by death or exile.

It was the purpose of his heartless tyrants to stamp out his manhood,

and, by making knowledge a crime, to sink him to the level of the brute creation. What tongue can adequately tell the horrors, the atrocities of those penal days! What pen can describe the cruelties inflicted upon the Catholics of Ireland by their savage conquerors?

The laws of the legislators who ruled Ireland with a rod of iron in those evil days were well calculated to destroy Irish nationality and extirpate or brutalize the Celtic race.

The tools of British tyranny performed their wicked work with a malice and cruelty worthy of the apostate Julian.

"They bribed the flock, they bribed the son,
To sell the priest and rob the sire;
Their dogs were taught alike to run
Upon the scent of wolf and friar.
Among the poor,
Or on the moor,
Were hid the pious and the true—
While traitor, knave,
And recreant slave,
Had riches, rank, and retinue:
Oh! weep those days, those penal days—
Their memory still on Ireland weighs."

Yes; the wounds inflicted upon the Celtic race by the penal laws are not yet healed. The traces of the iron are found on the body long after the bonds have been broken and removed. That any nation could survive oppression so grinding and so long continued is a moral miracle. The Irish, however, have performed many moral miracles. In the darkest period of the penal code their hereditary love of learning triumphed over the fury and intolerance of their persecutors. The Celtic mind was proof against chains and tyrants. Its immortal fire could not be extinguished; its innate light could not be darkened by the evil agencies of despotism.

"The gem may be broke
By many a stroke,
But nothing can cloud its native ray;
Each fragment will cast
A light to the last."

The national intellect was fettered, but could not be destroyed. Its native lustre frequently shone forth with extraordinary splendor in darkness and sorrow. While the penal code was yet in full force, the genius of Dr. Doyle confounded the educated intellect of England; the eloquence of O'Connell and Sheil renewed the oratorical glories of Athens, and the harp of Moore, by its sweet and plaintive strains, won for the sufferings of Catholic Ireland the sympathies of two worlds.

Nor was Celtic love of learning confined to Ireland. The exiles carried it in their hearts to foreign lands, and, by their unceasing labors and noble sacrifices in the cause of education, excited the wonder and extorted the admiration of strangers. The history of the Irish in America is a record of religious and educational triumphs.

The schools, academies, and colleges which they have founded and still support, in this republic, attest their love of learning, and proclaim their devotion to education. They fully appreciate and comprehend the truth that social and political degradation is the direct result of ignorance, and that slavery must be the unhappy lot of the uneducated. No people prize more highly the gift of Solomon than the Irish. They know that knowledge is power; that knowledge is wealth; that knowledge is fame; and that without knowledge national greatness is a moral impossibility. Hence their admirable devotion to the cause of education in the United States and the British Colonies.

The Irish emigrants who settled in the States, about forty years ago, did not possess the educational advantages enjoyed by emigrants of the present day. They were not discouraged, however, by the difficulties which for a time prevented them from gaining that social influence which they subsequently commanded in their new country. They were the pioneers of the faith, and their hard-earned dollars enabled the faithful priests who accompanied them, to build churches and schools for those who were to follow them. The faith which they carried with

them to these shores, was the only treasure which persecution had left them, the only treasure of which penal laws could not rob them, the priceless treasure which the true-hearted peasant (even when famine decimated the population) would not barter for all the wealth of the British empire.

In their knowledge of those subjects which most concern the highest interests of man, they surpassed the proud philosophers of Greece, and this precious knowledge was the gift of faith. With this gift they fought successfully the battle of life, earned an honorable independence, and afforded their children educational advantages and opportunities which they never possessed themselves. Thus the Irish in America have been missionaries and educators. Without figures and statistics a correct estimate of the amount of money which they have contributed to educational purposes is impossible. It is safe, however, to affirm that they have been as generous in patronizing and supporting Catholic education as in building churches; and it is admitted on all hands that, without the hard-earned dollars of the faithful Irish, our churches would be "few and far between." Missionaries are necessary; but without congregations how small would Catholic progress be in North America! Ireland supplied the infant Church of the States with numerous flocks; she also furnished a plentiful supply of heroic missionaries, some of whom had no superiors in Christendom during the present century in genius, eloquence, and learning.

Without offending any national prejudice, the Irish can be allowed their just meed of praise. The life of a Catholic bishop in the United States is a life of unceasing labor and self-denial. He must be an example of pastoral vigilance and apostolic zeal. His mitre is often a crown of thorns, and his path is seldom strewn with flowers. His zeal for the conversion of souls must be equalled by his zeal for the diffusion of Christian knowledge. He must be an educator and an apostle at the same time. This is and this has been specially true of the Irish members of the American hierarchy. Profoundly convinced of the necessity of education, our Irish bishops have exerted every nerve to diffuse its blessings among their exiled countrymen.

One of the first objects to which the great Bishop England directed his attention, in Charleston, was the establishment of a classical school for the support of ecclesiastical students for his extensive diocese. The mighty pulpit orator, who was the glory of the American Episcopate, was not too proud to discharge the ungrateful duties of an humble schoolmaster in the first seat of learning which he established in the New World. Protestants revere him as the reviver of classical learning in South Carolina, and the Church in the republic still feels the impulse which his immortal genius and electric eloquence gave the cause of Catholic education. Who could have set a higher value upon education than the great prelate whose father's love of learning braved the terrors of British law?

When Archbishop Kenrick was appointed coadjutor bishop of Philadelphia, he commenced, without losing any time in his new sphere of action, that ecclesiastical seminary which has since become the nursery of the clergy of Pennsylvania. The upper room of his residence in Fifth Street was the commencement of the present flourishing Theological Seminary of St. Charles Borromeo. How little do many Catholics of the rising generation know about the difficulties which the fathers of the American Church had to encounter and overcome! Such knowledge, though precious, is rare among too many of us.

History does not record a more striking example of indomitable perseverance, unconquerable courage,

and Christian heroism, than that of the immortal Archbishop Hughes, the Lamoriciere of the American Episcopate. By manual labor he worked his way to St. Mary's College, Emmittsburgh; and during the first nine months of his stay in that noble seat of learning superintended the garden as a compensation for board and private instructions. Without friends, without money, without patronage, by the sheer force of genius and merit, he raised himself from poverty to fame and from obscurity to renown. Can we find in the history of ancient and modern literature a more glorious example of genuine love of learning?

Surely the race that gave Hughes to America must be reserved for some high destiny. Though he was a generous patron, an ardent supporter, and a fearless champion of Catholic education, religious prejudice did not prevent Protestants from admiring his great virtues, his brilliant talents, and pure patriotism.

"The lifelong labors of the late Archbishop Hughes," says ex-Governor Seymour, "will tell for a long period upon the literature, the religion, and the charitable institutions of our land. In a few years the city of New York will be adorned by a magnificent cathedral, the broad foundations of which were laid under his supervision and care. So, too, in the future, will the interests of learning and charity be built upon the groundworks which he has established during his long and laborious life.

"The progress of events and the growth of our country will not throw his memory into the shade, but they will develop and make more clear his influence upon the social condition of our people."

William H. Seward's estimate of his worth and services during the late civil war, is equally high and appreciative. While Mr. Seward was yet Secretary of State, he wrote the following words to Father Starrs, the late Vicar-General of New York:

"In the earliest days of our country's present troubles, his counsel and advice were gladly sought and continually received by the Government on those points which his position enabled him better than any others to consider. At a conjuncture of deep interest to the country, Archbishop Hughes, associated with others, went abroad and *did the nation a service there*, with all the loyalty, fidelity, and practical wisdom which on so many other occasions illustrated his *great ability for administration*."

So fully did Archbishop Hughes appreciate the importance and realize the necessity of a true Christian education, that he said more than once during the closing years of his life that the time was fast approaching when it would be necessary to build the schoolhouse first and the church afterwards. Such are the examples of the zeal of Irish bishops for the diffusion of knowledge. The Catholic colleges of the United States number 68, the theological seminaries 18, the academies and select schools 512, and the parochial schools 1450. It is no exaggeration to assert that all these educational institutions have been established under the auspices of our bishops—of those who have been called to their reward, and those who are still living. The sanction and patronage of the bishop is indispensable to the success of a Catholic school, academy, or college. Episcopal authority, approval, and encouragement must bless every Catholic institution of learning in the Union. As our bishops have been in the fullest and broadest sense of the term educators, and as the Irish members of our hierarchy have been pre-eminently distinguished in numerous instances for their devotion to learning, and for their earnestness and energy in advancing the cause and diffusing the blessings of education, it may be instructive to ascertain the number of Irishmen and of Irishmen's sons who have been raised

to the Episcopal dignity in this republic. Ireland has given to the Catholic Church in the United States, one cardinal, five archbishops, and forty-four bishops. This number includes those prelates who were born of Irish parents in this country, and who were not only Irish by parentage, but also Irish by the talents that exalted and the virtues that ennobled and sanctified them. Virtuous and pious parents are generally blessed with good and virtuous children. Such were the parents of a Timon and a Fitzpatrick; such the parents of our illustrious Cardinal; and such the parents of other eminent prelates, dead and living, who, though American by birth, will be remembered in history as Irish by blood and lineage. So true is it that shining virtues are transmitted from father to son, that great examples produce great examples, and that the brave, as the Roman poet says, spring from the brave and good.

Fortes creantur fortibus et bonis.

The life of Archbishop Carroll, the father of the American hierarchy, was a noble and striking illustration of the truth of this well-known line of Horace. Worthy of his Irish father and American mother, worthy of the sea-girt isle which gave the Carroll family to Maryland, Archbishop Carroll has bequeathed a rich legacy to his successors—the ennobling example of his learning, talents, patriotism, piety, wisdom, foresight, educational and religious zeal. He was the founder of Georgetown College, the oldest Catholic college in the United States. This historic seat of learning is one of the most enduring monuments he has left behind him. Under the able management and judicious government of the Jesuits, Georgetown College has maintained, since its foundation, that high literary and scientific standing which gives celebrity to educational institutions. Among the gifted presidents who have governed it, can be numbered Irishmen whose eloquence, learning, and administrative abilities would reflect lustre upon the oldest universities of Europe.

In truth, there are few great centres of knowledge in the United States in which distinguished Irish names cannot be found. If we glance at the catalogue of the Faculties of our Catholic Colleges, a grand array of genuine Celtic names will at once command our attention. More than three-fourths of the members of several religious orders in the States are Irish by birth or parentage. Among them are men who may be justly ranked among the greatest educators this generation has seen. One of these benefactors of society is Brother Patrick, the honored Superior of the Christian Brothers on the American continent.

It is now more than thirty years since Brother Patrick joined the Novitiate of the Christian Brothers in Montreal. His industry, his talents, his prompt observance of rule, his genuine piety, and the facility with which he acquired knowledge, soon attracted the attention and won the esteem and confidence of his superiors. He was at once marked out as a man who would play a conspicuous part in the special mission of the Order in America. A friend who thought highly of his talents advised him to study for the priesthood, but Brother Patrick promptly informed his kind adviser that his vocation was the education of youth. "What," said he, "is to be done with those thousands of Irish children who are daily increasing in number in the United States and Canada? Shall we give them a Christian education, or allow them to become infidels, ignorant of the faith of their forefathers? Is it not our duty to take a pride in educating them, and in cultivating and developing the intellectual gifts with which heaven has abundantly blessed them? I, for one, consider it my duty to aid in the great work of giving a Chris-

tian education to the rising generation in this great country." Such were the remarkable words of Brother Patrick many long years ago, and nobly and chivalrously and successfully has he discharged the duties of his glorious mission in America. All his undertakings have been crowned with success. Possessing, in an eminent degree, the invaluable talent of choosing his assistants well, he has surrounded himself with men of kindred zeal, impulses, and aspirations—men qualified by nature and education to carry successfully his educational plans into execution, and realize his grand projects for the intellectual elevation of the bright and gifted children of the Irish race, and, we may add, of every other race faithful to Christian education. The Brothers of whom he is superior at present are educating fifty thousand pupils in the United States, and nearly thirty thousand in Canada. In every great city of the Union he enjoys the pleasure and satisfaction of seeing flourishing colleges, academies, and schools under the control of active members of his noble Order. In the history of the Catholic Church in America, the chapter which records the battles he has fought and the victories he has won in the cause of Christian education, will not be the least interesting. Brother Patrick is still in the prime of manhood. May he be long spared to the cause he has espoused, for his is as true a heart and as pure a soul as Ireland ever gave to this republic.

In the preceding pages we have confined ourselves to the educational efforts and services of Irish Catholics, because without knowing the disadvantages under which they labored, and the difficulties which they had to overcome, we cannot have a just appreciation of the progress which they have made, and the victories which they have won in spite of the prejudice, bigotry, and fanaticism of opponents—their number is daily decreasing—who hate everything Catholic. We now purpose to devote a few pages to Irish services to literature in the United States. Those services must embrace Protestants and Catholics. Those Irish Protestants who chivalrously advocated the cause of their Catholic countrymen, are and will be always dear to Ireland. Their triumphs are her triumphs, and the genius which immortalized them was always ready to honor and exalt her. In one department of literature, we mean eloquence, the Irish have no superiors in this country. This may seem to some people a bold assertion, but many, we think, must acknowledge its truth.

On the list of American orators there are Irish names, which will live as long as the English language. John C. Calhoun, Thomas Addis Emmett, Bishop England, Archbishop Hughes, Thomas Francis Meagher, and the late James T. Brady, triumphantly maintained Ireland's high reputation for eloquence.

John C. Calhoun, who was born of Irish parents in South Carolina, was an orator whom Athens in her palmiest days would have delighted to honor. His great rival, Daniel Webster, describes his eloquence in these words: "The eloquence of Mr. Calhoun was a part of his intellectual character. It grew out of the qualities of his mind. It was plain, strong, wise, condensed, concise; sometimes impassioned, still always severe. Rejecting ornament, not often seeking illustration, his power consisted in the plainness of his propositions, in the closeness of his logic, and in the earnestness and energy of his manner." This is a just estimate of Calhoun's chief excellence as an orator. He excelled in close reasoning and felicitous and perspicuous language.

Thomas Addis Emmett was the brightest ornament of the New York bar. In forensic eloquence he had no superior in America. Two eminent American lawyers, Charles Glidden Haines and Judge Duer, have be-

stowed the highest praise upon the oratorical powers of the illustrious exile. "I might safely challenge," says Mr. Haines, "the whole list of Irish orators for the superior of Thomas Addis Emmett." "As an orator, with the single exception of Burke," says Judge Duer, "Thomas Addis Emmett was unsurpassed by any that his country has produced."

Of the pulpit orators, with whom Ireland has blessed America, the name of Bishop England is still the most celebrated. Bishop England may be justly called the Bossuet of the American pulpit. Genius inspired and universal knowledge enriched and adorned his eloquence. Invincible in argument, inexhaustible in illustration, happy in imagery, choice, copious, and polished in diction, Attic in taste, lofty in thought, elevated in sentiment, versatile in intellect, he could impart fresh coloring to old themes, and adorn new subjects with the tints of the rainbow. He could convince the reason, please the fancy, and charm the imagination at will. Of him it may be justly said: "*Nihil tetigit, quod non ornavit.*" Those who hated his religion could not withstand the fascination and magic of his eloquence. High and low, rich and poor, accomplished scholars and unlettered laborers, deemed it a privilege to have an opportunity of attending his sermons and lectures.

In 1826, at the request of the leading men of both houses of Congress, he delivered before the assembled representatives of the nation at Washington an address which the most eloquent among them eulogized as worthy of the inspired Apostle who spoke before the Areopagus at Athens. The same honor was conferred upon Archbishop Hughes, whose effective eloquence won many victories for American Catholics. Peace to their ashes. When Bishop England and Archbishop Hughes used the voice and pen with such signal success, the Catholic cause had few champions, few defenders. They laid the broad and deep foundations of Catholic literature in the United States. This invaluable service alone entitles their names to grateful and lasting remembrance. They were princes of the pulpit, and though we can no longer hang with rapture on their accents, it is cheering to know that the force of Irish pulpit eloquence will not cease to be felt in America as long as Bishop Ryan, of St. Louis, and other fit representatives of a nation's orators renew the rhetorical triumphs of their illustrious predecessors.

The eloquence of Thomas Francis Meagher was the wonder and admiration of his contemporaries. While yet young, his power over popular assemblies was as undisputed as that of O'Connell himself. His burning words electrified a hundred audiences in Ireland and America. It would be difficult to find in ancient or modern eloquence a single passage equal in oratorical fire and force to his famous apostrophe to the sword. The apostrophe which Demosthenes successfully uses in his celebrated oration on the crown is not superior in genuine eloquence to Meagher's immortal effort. In his command of choice and musical language and beautiful imagery he had no superior among American rhetoricians. James T. Brady rivalled Meagher as an orator, and, had heaven prolonged his life, would probably have equalled Webster and Calhoun.

Alas, how vain are human hopes! The admirers of genius and the lovers of eloquence had to mourn his untimely death. Charles O'Conor, whose praise is valuable because it is seldom exaggerated, said, in the presence of many of the most eminent of his professional brethren, that James T. Brady was unsurpassed as an orator in his times and country.

And in what terms shall we speak of Charles O'Conor himself, the American Aristides, the *decus et tutamen* of the American bar, the

gifted jurist and incorruptible patriot, whose name has become the synonym of honor and integrity? Is he destined to be remembered as one of the princes of American orators in the forum? Could he have won so many memorable victories at the bar without the gifts and qualifications—the Promethean fire of the orator? There are different kinds of eloquence, and forensic eloquence is Charles O'Conor's *forte*. Like Crassus, whose eloquence Cicero loved to describe, his school has been the forum, and the laws, institutions, and customs of the republic his instructors. Had he cultivated political eloquence, he could have ruled popular assemblies with the same kingly sway with which he has ruled courts and juries. Wherever he speaks, whether at a political meeting, a college commencement, a civic banquet, or in the courts which have been the scenes of his many legal triumphs, he always commands the rapt attention of his audience. The moment he rises to speak, every eye is fixed upon him, every breath is hushed, and the mute attention with which he is heard is never interrupted, except by the frequent bursts of applause which his eloquence evokes. This power over an audience is the province of the real orator; for, as Cicero says, in his treatise on eminent orators, breathless attention is a proof of genuine eloquence. Long may Charles O'Conor reign in the forum as the worthy heir of the genius, the virtues, and fame of the Emmetts of other days! It is he and men of kindred natures and minds who reflect honor upon the Irish race.

Of the Irishmen who have distinguished themselves in science in America space limits us to a few names. We have mentioned Fulton and Colles in our article on "Ireland and the Centennial." The eminent mathematicians and physicians who exalted the Irish name among strangers are too widely known to need any publicity from us. The most sublime of all sciences is theology, and we think we can assert without any violation of truth that the late Archbishop Kenrick of Baltimore was the most learned theological writer the New World has ever seen. He was beyond comparison the most learned bishop of whom North America can boast. His mind was a library, stored with the lore of every age and every tongue and every nation. His course of moral and dogmatic theology in seven volumes astonished the Protestant population of the United States. His translation of the Sacred Scriptures with notes won the warm eulogies of the most renowned biblical scholars of Europe. His *Vindication of the Catholic Church*, and his most interesting work on the *Primacy of the Apostolic See*, are two invaluable contributions to Catholic literature. What Quintilian said of Aristotle may with equal truth be said of Archbishop Kenrick. It is doubtful which is most worthy of admiration, his universal knowledge, the number and variety of his writings, his critical acumen, or the sweetness of his eloquence. Archbishop Bayley, the present distinguished Primate of the Catholic Church in the United States, thus describes in a few felicitous sentences his literary labors: "And how full of benefit to us and the Church were these labors! His admirable course of theology, in which, with so much learning, and in such clear and perspicuous Latin, he has discussed and settled for our guidance so many principles applicable to the peculiar state of things in this country; his complete translation of the Holy Scriptures, with learned notes, his labor of love and predilection; his controversial works, if they may be called by that name, in which objections are answered and calumnies refuted with so much tender charity."

Irish Catholics should cherish

with eternal gratitude the memory of the great Kenrick, for his name will go down to posterity as one of the brightest stars that shine in the constellation of Irish genius.

In the science of political economy two Irish names are still pre-eminent, Matthew Carey, and his son, Henry C. Carey. Matthew Carey, who was born and educated in Dublin, has been called the Adam Smith of America, and his eminent son, who was born and educated in Philadelphia, has been equally successful as a political economist. Both have been prolific authors, and both are the highest authorities in this land on the important subject of political economy. The industry and perseverance of father and son have been as remarkable as their genius, learning, and patriotism. Their numerous works are lasting monuments of their laborious research and varied erudition.

Irish talent has been very successful in cultivating the study of history. David Ramsay, the son of an Irish emigrant, was one of our first students who won celebrity as an American historian. The fruits of his industry, talents, and learning are *A History of the Revolution in South Carolina, A History of the American Revolution, A History of South Carolina, A History of the United States from their First Settlement to the Year* 1808, and a *Life of Washington*, which was popular till the style of Washington Irving imparted new charms to the great subject. The author of one of the best histories of Virginia was an Irishman, John Burke. The same author also wrote a few historical dramas, the most popular of which was the play entitled "Bunker Hill." James MacSherry, the well-known historian of Maryland, and John V. L. MacMahon, who is the author of an admirable historical view of the government of the same State, are both worthy of their Irish names and ancestry. Henry O'Reilly's historical sketch of Rochester, and Dr. O'Callaghan's *History of New York under the Dutch* and *Documentary History of the State of New York*, deserve a place in the library of every lover of American literature. No living author has done more to illustrate the history of New York than Dr. O'Callaghan. He has certainly deserved well of the New York Historical Society, and of all the patrons of American history and antiquities. Such men as O'Callaghan exalt the Irish name in foreign iands.

Thomas D'Arcy McGee was an indefatigable laborer in the field of historical literature. He was at once a poet, a historian, a journalist, an antiquarian, an orator, and a statesman. He was one of the most gifted of the young Irelanders whose praises he celebrates in these noble lines:

"They were a band of brethren, richly graced
With all that most exalts the sons of men—
Youth, courage, honor, genius, wit, well placed,
When shall we see their parallels again?
The very flower and fruitage of their age,
Destined for duty's cross or glory's page."

Though the exile of the men of '48 was Ireland's loss it was America's gain. They were all men of parts and learning—all distinguished as writers. McGee's historical researches in the United States are worthy of study. The *Irish Settlers* and his five lectures on *The Catholic Church in North America* are very valuable books—books which should be found in every Irish library.

As a poet, D'Arcy McGee was thoroughly Irish and Catholic. In one of his poems he says:

"I'd rather turn one simple verse
True to the Gaelic ear,
Than classic odes I might rehearse
With Senates listening near."

Mrs. J. Sadlier, his gifted countrywoman, who has been as famous as an author in America, as the Nun of Kenmare in Ireland, speaks of him in these eulogistic terms: "It has been said, and I think with truth, that McGee was even more than Moore, entitled to be called 'The

Bard of Erin,' for that his genius was more distinctively Irish, and his inspiration more directly and more exclusively from Ireland and her ancient race.''

Richard Dalton Williams, his fellow exile, was equally eminent as a lyric poet. McGee's high estimate of his poetic powers, with a happy allusion to his most popular poems, is worthy of memory:

"While leap on high, Ben Heser, the wild waves;
While sweep the winds through storied Aher-low;
While Sidney's victims from their troubled graves
O'er Mullaghmast, at midnight, come and go;
While Mercy's sisters kneel by Mercy's bed—
Thou art not dead, O Bard! thou art not dead!"

The late lamented Una has written poems, which, in conception and execution, in patriotic fire, vivid imagery, and felicitous diction, are not surpassed by some of the best lyrical productions of Speranza. Among the living Irish poets who have won celebrity in America, we may mention Father Ryan (the poet-priest of the South), John Boyle O'Reilly, John Savage, Michael Scanlan, Dr. Joyce, and William Collins—all names worthy of the national muse.

Historian, biographer, journalist, and critic, John Mitchel was one of the most vigorous prose-writers Ireland ever produced. His powerful pen has enriched Irish and American literature. The name of the gifted author lately deceased, the Rev. Dr. O'Leary, will not be soon forgotten by his countrymen. Nor will Irish Catholics ever cease to hold in grateful remembrance the valuable services of the distinguished priest-orator, the loved and lamented Dr. Moriarty, who was justly styled in his day, the silver-tongued orator of the American pulpit. Among our deceased Irish prelates, who excelled as speakers and writers, the first bishop of Pittsburgh deserves special mention. As a scholar, a theologian, an orator, a graphic writer, Bishop O'Connor had few equals among the American ecclesiastics. His published lectures are models of composition, graceful and polished in style, and solid and valuable in matter. In thought and literary finish they remind the student and scholar of the most labored lectures of a true Irishman, the gifted and eloquent Henry Giles.

Of living Irish authors in the Union, the most widely known are Archbishop Kenrick, of St. Louis; Archbishop Purcell, of Cincinnati; Bishop Lynch, of Charleston; Very Rev. Dr. Corcoran; Father Gleason, of San Francisco; Father O'Reilly, John Gilmary Shea, Major D. P. Conyngham, Father O'Farrell, of New York; Mrs. J. Sadlier (already mentioned), the Rev. Dr. Braun, and Sister Mary Austin Carroll, whose literary fame rivals that of the Nun of Kenmare. Other Irish names we could mention, but we have already extended this article beyond the usual number of pages. Our object has been simply to direct attention to a most interesting subject.

Of Irish services on the daily and weekly press of America, it is unnecessary to speak at present. Those services are known and appreciated throughout the entire American continent. Even those who hate the Irish name must employ Irish talent. The Irish in America need not be ashamed of the past. Under unfavorable circumstances their record is cheering and inspiring. With increased educational advantages and opportunities, with higher rewards for literary and scientific exertion, their moral and intellectual progress in the future must be greater than in the past.

Their motto is always Excelsior—higher and still higher in every art and accomplishment that can embellish life and every science that contributes to human happiness.

AU SALUT.

WITHIN these hallowed walls, so hushed, so wholly
Shut in from all the cares and strife,
The glooms and echoes of the world of men,
'Mid peaceful dreams of deathless life,
Where sight nor sound, save of devotion solely,
Of sacred chant and symbolled grace,
Falls on the raptured ear or ken;
Oh, wherefore in this holy place,
Where I do feel so alien,
The only thing unholy—
Why am I here!

So strange it seems—full many an emblem quaint—
Each with its warning or reward
Of everlasting palms and penalties,
That all shall gather as they strawed;
The tonsured abbot, and the vesper chant,
Rising in strains that angels use,
From this grave-mantled sisterhood, all these
Tell of monastic life recluse,
Of life that rendered earthly ease
For heavenly restraint—
Why am I here!

All things around that should to prayer provoke,
The mystic altar's dazzling sheen,
These lessening aisles that end in darkling light,
The soaring frankincense serene,
Angels o'er shrines and saints in many a nook,
And low, devout, on bended knees,
The holy women in their wimples white;
Yea, all one hears or breathes or sees,
Falls on my troubled sense and sight
With soft, sweet, sad rebuke—
Why am I here!

Elysian oasis 'mid mundane sands,
Sweet inner room all else apart,
Kept alway swept and garnished for the Lord,
Whom they do love with all their heart;
Fair temple seeming as scarce made with hands,
So dim, so visionary pure,
And with entrancing dreams in blest accord—
For these meet refuge, who endure
Alone by faith and Christ adored;
But my own soul demands—
Why am I here!

Who came not, sore, in need to be made whole,
Fain hoping it might come to pass,
Nor seeking that wherefor my heart doth pine,
And hunger and grow faint, alas!

Who came not here as to a bounteous goal,
  Where I might freely slake my thirst
At purest fount and feed on food Divine,
  And lay my load of qualms accurst
  Down at the all-redemptive shrine,
    And there assoil my soul—
      Why am I here!

Oh, that sweet music, that soft heavenly strain
  Of voices that in hymnéd prayer
And praise such blessed exhalations yield
  As, mingling with the holy air,
Floating and fainting, and now breathed again
  In tender fervors, melt and spread,
As tho' a choir of angels unrevealed
  Were hovering above my head,
  Steeping my spirit unaneled
    In ecstasy of pain—
      Why am I here!

Yet ah, years gone 'twas even as to-day,
  The chant uprose in strains as sweet
From voices that are hushed for evermore,
  And they whose bones are 'neath my feet
Knelt where these kneel and worshipped as they pray;
  A little longer, and, ah me,
These too, the long night come, life's vespers o'er,
  To others yielding place will be
  As those already gone before,
    Silent and past as they—
      Why am I here!

But no such thoughts their tranquil hearts invade,
  Too happy in their hopes of bliss,
In faith too trustful of the world beyond,
  To feel one care or thought for this;
Of these alone their happiness is made,
  And therewithal they well may shun,
And count as worse than worthless all the fond
  And fair delights that soon are none
  But lures that lead to dark despond,
    Where is no hope nor aid—
      Why am I here!

Sweet Spirit, or whate'er thou art, for I
  Am conscious of some ghostly care,
Ineffable, around me and anear,
  Allay my soul; and whatsoe'er
In other haunts, time past or by and by,
  Have been and may be mine,
Let no dark heresies assail me here;
  But rather my whole heart incline
  To thoughts so blest and hopes so dear
    And still that inward cry—
      Why am I here!

Nor, while it seemeth I do feel them grow
Within me, let the serpent doubt
With poisonous tail among the tender shoots
And buds, keep crawling in and out,
Corrupting them or ever they full blow;
That when I fain would deem they spring
From truth, to strike hereafter steadfast roots,
And, haply, in due season bring
Forth flowers of faith and godly fruits,
May cease that hissing "No"—
Why am I here!

In very helplessness I bow my head,
And close mine eyes; but still they see,
For all my presence 'mid this faithful band,
I am not what I seem to be.
Yet am I filled with reverential dread,
And feel the prayer I cannot say;
And oh, it may be God will understand,
Who hears our voiceless hearts alway,
Nor count it more to be disdained
Than if 'twere meetly said—
And bless me here!

STRAYED FROM THE FOLD.

Chapter First.

CAVALIER AND PURITAN.

"Ebenezer! Ebenezer!" cried the shrill voice of a woman, piercing the cold air of an early November morning before the sun had scattered the heavy mists that shrouded the south-eastern coast of the State of Maine.

"What's up now, Marm Winthrop, that bring's you, getting your feet wet, through the young frost this time o'day?" replied a rough-looking man, as he emerged with currycomb in hand, from the stable, and advanced a few steps to meet the almost breathless woman.

"Be quick, and saddle Parson, and go as fast as you can to Sacket for the priest, and ask him to come immediately, for Mrs. Adele is very ill and wants to see him."

"Go for a priest!" slowly and amazingly ejaculated the man; and his eyebrows moved upward, and his stiff bristly hair seemed to rise as if in horror at this command.

"Well!" he exclaimed, "if ever I heerd the beat of that from the mouth of a woman who tends meeting, and is always talking 'bout fighting the devil, and now I'll be blamed if she don't want to bring him right straight into her own house;" and he gave a short shrill whistle, and threw the currycomb into the stable by way of relief to his excessive astonishment.

"I haven't time, Ebenezer, to talk it over now," said Mrs. Winthrop soothingly, "but I promised Roger that his wife should not be opposed in the practice of her religion, and a promise to the dead is next to one made to God; so now that she wants the priest she's got to have him, and if you won't go, some of the other hands shall."

"Law now, Marm Winthrop, don't be getting riled. I never

meant I wouldn't go, but you see I was raythor posed. But I'd be a nice sort of a spooney if I was afeerd to ride five miles 'longside of a cloven foot and a pair of horns that a man just like myself takes a notion to wear as a badge of his master."

"I don't believe there is a word of truth in that old story, Ebenezer, for the only priest I ever saw looked just like other men, except that he wore a very long coat, and didn't act or talk half so solemn-like as Parson Dawson."

"Now that just shows how innocent you are, Marm Winthrop; as if such a cunning master didn't know how to hide his horns when nothing was to be gained by showing them. But I'm your man for the job, and if Parson, who is a keen one at scenting danger, will let the priest come near him, I'll bring him safe enough to home. Marm Adele is a nice little woman, and if she fancies wooden images, and water, and lighted candles, and all them sort of jimcracks 'bout her sick-bed, why as she isn't much more than a child, and a ignorant Southern one in the bargain, I reckon we might as well humor the poor thing and let her die in peace, and she and Mr. Roger can settle who was right in the next world. So I'll just go and fix myself up a bit so as to look respectable before the town folks. Now you go 'long back to the house, Marm Winthrop, and if riding 'longside of a popish priest don't speerit me into the bottomless pit, I'll be blamed if I don't go some day into his church and find out what all that tarnation lingo means."

This soliloquy being uttered between long strides that made him nearly breathless, Ebenezer Long disappeared in the house, emerging again, however, in an incredible short time, fully equipped in his Sunday blue swallow-tail coat, with huge brass buttons, and a shirt collar that nearly reached the top of his ears.

Sarah Winthrop was a tall, long woman, of about forty-five years, though looking much older. At times there were dim rays flitting over her face, indicative of a near approach to beauty when youth and love kept at bay the encroaching fanaticism of a crushing creed. As years rolled on, bringing with them family cares, an unsympathetic husband, and a ceaseless round of hard practical duties, the buoyancy of her temperament began slowly to yield, and the predestined portion of her earthly life shaped and annexed itself by degrees to that which she believed was yet to come. The constant questioning on this point, predicated upon the teachings of her church, and applied to her own case, soon assumed the form of that dark withering belief which shapes our merciful loving Father into a Nemesis who inflicts woe and wrath, even upon the innocent and unoffending. Thus, before Sarah Winthrop had crossed the threshold of middle life, she lived interiorly in an atmosphere of eternal woe, and in the heat of a fire whose flames were never quenched. All her subsequent life was influenced by this sleepless phantom, and by degrees her countenance, her temperament became shaped by these withering convictions. Naturally yielding in disposition, she accepted this faith in a patient despairing way, and performed her routine of duties as if regardless or indifferent to the burning pool which she believed was destined to be her only reward of the good she strove to accomplish for God and her fellow-creatures. But there were epochs in this barren life, when feeling and justice clenched the scales, and then the weak frame and agonized soul of the woman would be overwhelmed in a fearful tempest of sin and despair. But the chains that held her were welded with links of iron, and inevitably drew her back into the chasm of that dark fate whose fiat was too inexorable for her weak reason and fallible faith to combat.

Her husband, Silas Winthrop

(now dead), had been a hard, cold man, the perfect prototype in every respect of his great Puritan ancestor, one of the early governors of Massachusetts. Upon his oldest child, an only son, he concentrated the full force of his affections. Finding him intelligent and fond of books, he determined to give him the best advantages of education, and accordingly sent him to Harvard, fully believing that at the end of his course he would be willing to return home and take part in the management of the farm. The new associations, the cosmopolitan ideas and characters thus suddenly presented to Roger Winthrop naturally made a strong impression upon the facile mind of a youth, whose life had heretofore been so narrowly circumscribed. There was nothing either in the appearance or character of Roger, to indicate the Puritan stock from which he had sprung. One might rather imagine that a dash of the old Cavalier blood, of some gay votary of the court of Charles, had by chance filled his veins; or that the Pythagorean theory of transmigration had sent the spirit of an Ormond, or a Falmouth, to neutralize the stern Puritan element in this young New England branch. When, in his twentieth year, Roger returned home from college, he expressed a decided objection to leading the circumscribed life of a farmer. His father was too good a philosopher to quarrel with the crop his own sowing had produced, but there was a hard struggle and a hot contest before he yielded. It was a war of the exterminating spirit, the fanatical "Praise God Barebones" creed, the coarse cloth and cropped head of the Cromwellian, against the generous bestower, the tolerant believer, the loyal friend, clothed in the silken doublet and flowing locks of the Cavalier. Roger, however, gained his point, and was allowed to return to Harvard to pursue the study of law.

Roger had formed, while at college, a fraternity with several of the students from the Southern States. He admired their independence, their generosity, and that native-born fearless spirit, that open chivalrous manner in which they committed a fault, and as frankly confessed it. When his course was finished he determined upon the South as his future home. A few days after his arrival in New Orleans, he recorded his name among the then noble and eloquent fraternity at the bar. Feeling the necessity of a practical knowledge and facility in speaking the French language, he succeeded, through the assistance of some of his college friends, in procuring board in a Creole family of good position.

One of the inmates was a young girl who had but a few months previously returned from the Ursuline convent. She was an orphan, a descendant of both French and Spanish colonists. Her father was related to the unfortunate Nicholas Chauvin de Lafrenière, who held the office of attorney-general, and whose life, under Governor O'Riley, paid the penalty of rebelling against the transfer of his adopted home to the Spanish crown. The parents of Adele Lafrenière had once been the possessors of unbounded wealth, but through various causes of extravagance and rash speculations, it had been gradually reduced, until the father of the young orphan had left but enough to educate and preserve above actual want his only child and sole representative of a princely name. He bequeathed her to the guardianship of his old friend Evariste Duconge, and the care of her faithful old colored nurse Louise. Mr. Duconge felt a great interest and deep affection for his ward, but unfortunately his wife and daughter were not so amiably disposed; Adele's perfect beauty,—a blending of the highest type of the two races,—engendering a jealous fear that she might materially interfere with their own share of admiration in the gay world.

Chapter Second.

LOVE AND DEATH.

Roger Winthrop soon discovered the true state of Adele's position, for youth and chivalry catch quickly the signal of distress from beauty. The admiration early elicited by the young Creole's charms was blended with a pity which soon ripened into an absorbing passion. Hearts rather than gold influenced the sacred choice of woman in that remote day. Poorer in worldly goods Adele knew she could scarcely be, whilst in lieu of her present state of semi-dependence on stinted bounty, she was only too willing to accept in exchange the joyful privilege of owing everything in the future to the man she loved, for she truly felt there can be no obligation where love reigns supreme. Neither did Roger doubt his ability to provide for an increase of expenses, or solve the problem of how a certain sum that had been barely sufficient for the wants of one, could by the magic of love be made to do duty for two. But sacrifice is a sweet oblation, one too that a loyal heart never fears to meet. So without any grand preparations, with the willing consent of her guardian, their union was sealed; Adele feeling the full weight of its sacramental unction, while Roger only accepted the prayers that sanctified the bond as a necessary means to a desirable end.

Old Mr. Winthrop was speechless with horror when he heard of his son's alliance with a papist. His wrath was deep and bitter, for he was imbued with all the ignorant prejudices of his race on the subject of everything connected with Catholic faith and practice. Instead then of the anticipated congratulations, Roger received words that barely stopped in their bitterness short of a positive curse. In addition to this, his annuity was withdrawn, and his entire means were thus reduced to the limited and uncertain revenue of a young attorney. But he was neither discouraged nor disheartened. Youth, health, and love formed a phalanx against which threatened poverty might beat in vain for many a long day. It is true that sometimes Adele wished for a little more pin-money, but although well educated and highly accomplished, it never occurred to one with her native *insouciance* of temperament that she might add by these to their straitened means. All necessary, delicate, and lady-like occupations she was willing to undertake, but to soil or fatigue those pretty white taper fingers, upon which glittered the sole remaining relics of former wealth and royal favor, would never have been permitted by her faithful and devoted servant, if she had been willing to make the effort. But Louise found many ways of keeping her young mistress's purse from a total collapse, and when at the end of a year a little daughter-birdling came to gladden the life of the young couple, there was no want of comfort and even luxuries for both mother and babe.

They had been married four years when old Mr. Winthrop died. Roger had never resented his injustice, or been derelict in expressions of duty and respect. Although the old man had never recalled his bitter invectives against his son, yet in dying he seemed to wish them cancelled, by leaving him his blessing, together with an equal interest with his daughter in the farm property. Mrs. Winthrop's depressing belief preyed at this time terribly upon her, and her own preordained fate filled her mind, to the exclusion of those consolations which the bereaved in heart can only find, standing, as Mary did, at the foot of the cross. She yearned for some hopeful life, some cheering voice, to chase away the phantoms that her fatalism so constantly evoked. She begged Roger so earnestly to bring his wife and child to gladden her sorrowful days, that he found it impossible to

resist her repeated appeals. With the prospect of a dull summer, and debilitated from the effects of climate, he was glad of an opportunity to breathe once more the invigorating air of his native State. Going out a few months after his arrival on a fishing excursion, Roger became overheated, and a sudden north-wester blowing up, he took a cold, which resulted in typhoid pneumonia, and ended in death. The shock to his wife was fearful. Adele's was not a spirit to cope with adversity, or to draw from it the lesson that sweetens even while it wounds. Mrs. Winthrop had become deeply attached to her gentle daughter-in-law, and her heart was wholly absorbed in her little grandchild. She insisted then upon keeping them with her, and made Adele feel that she was truly in the home of a mother. Adele accepted her new position with an apathetic listlessness that now pervaded her life, although she strove to perform her duties to her child, and to requite Mrs. Winthrop's unceasing kindness. But there was no heart in her work; no feeling save the concentrated love for the lost one, now all centred upon her child. Grief and the cold climate, so trying to her exotic nature, soon developed a fatal disease of the lungs. Adele had occasionally visited the neighboring town, and made the acquaintance of the resident priest, who was an earnest, intelligent man, admirably suited to his post of missionary duties. Her last visit to Father Halloran had been made about two months previous to the summons from Mrs. Winthrop. He had been greatly shocked then by the evident rapid progress of her disease, and was not, therefore, much surprised, when he understood, between the half-scared semi-defiant manner of Ebenezer Long, who it was that required his official services. Father Halloran had acquired a thorough knowledge of the *ilk* to which his *compagnon du voyage* belonged. His keen sense of humor was roused by the originality of this shrewd native. He replied imperturbably to questions, that from any other source would have been deemed impertinent, but he never lost an opportunity of making him writhe under the keen blade of his own native Irish wit.

Mrs. Winthrop received Father Halloran, but concealed under her cold, undemonstrative manner, the quasi terror she really felt, in finding herself in such close proximity to a representative of the "Scarlet Woman." Going to the kitchen, to order an early dinner for the guest, she found Ebenezer holding forth upon the magnitude of the exploit, of riding five miles alone in company with a "Romish priest." "But I swan," he was saying, "if I could catch a tarnation sight of either his club-foot or horns; and blame me, if I ain't raythur inclined to think that it's all a lie, for he's jist as clever a man as ever I see, and don't throw Scriptur all the time at a feller, as Parson Dawson does." Susan Mather, a cross-eyed, sour-visaged woman, who filled the indispensable position in a New England household of help and equal combined, had listened in evident indignation at this harangue, only giving vent to her feelings by a vehement stirring of various compounds, and lifting off and on, with great emphasis, the lids of various pots.

"Didn't see any horns nor cloven foot, didn't yer?" at last she broke forth. "Do yer suppose that the devil's as green as yerself, and don't know how to keep his wares in the dark, when he wants to? Didn't quote Scriptur, nuther, didn't he? Guess not. People ain't given to scare away their friends, and a Romish priest can't talk very glib I reckon, about what's in a book that he darsn't look at! He's too busy mouthing Latin and worshipping images for that."

"Look yar now, Miss Susan;" here spoke up Louise, who had been ironing and listening quietly to the discussion; "jist you stop talking dat ar way 'bout a 'ligion you's ignorant of. I ain't berry larned myself on de subject, but I done har my ole massa say many times dat de Cafolic Church was older nor de 'merican States, and I don't blieve it would last so long, and keep a spreadin' and a spreadin', jist like de eagle's wings, if de debil war de head ob it all."

"Oh!" snapped in Susan, "I spose yer one of them too."

"No, I ain't xactly one ob dem nuther; becaise you see my ole fader sort o' won me ober to some ob de ole Af'can notions; and sides, I sort ob likes de lots ob singing and de shouting at de Mefodist camp-meeting. But for all dat, I says all de prayers Miss Elodie (dat's my ole mistress, Miss Adele's granmover), larned me, and I neber felt anyting but good, when I was done em. And I tell you what, Miss Susan, ef you'd a seen her die, a holding de image ob de Lord in her hand, and a looking on it wid reglar sparks ob glory in her eyes, and heerd de butiful words de priest was a saying to her, I reckon you'd guv ober talking 'bout sich folks 'longing to de debil."

"And what do I care," replied Susan, with her eyes flashing and her voice raised, "what an ignorant old Southern slave-driver like your 'massa,' as you call him, says."

Louise was a slow, good-tempered darkie; but she loved her owners, root and branch, better than her own blood, and it was her firm belief that all the knowledge and elegance of the world was centred in them. To hear her chief idol thus vilified was more than she could stand, and having acquired a modicum of the equality that she saw around her, she now broke upon Susan with a perfect torrent of wrath.

"You dar call my ole massa a slave-driber! Let me tell you, marm, dat our Soufern gemmen neber dirty dar hands dat a way, but leaves sich works to de Yanks, dat come down dar to larn cotton and sugar plantin'. I'se heerd great talk since I cum har 'bout de awful sin and de horror ub slav'ry, and I'se larnt not so bery long ago dat yer had de same awful sin a hanging to yer own skeerts. It's mighty funny, in my 'pinion, dat yer neber saw de wickedness ob it, till yer done turned all yer property in dat dere line inter yer own pockets;" and with that Spartan thrust Louise walked with the air of a queen out of the kitchen. Ebenezer had settled himself during this contest to his favorite pastime of whittling, and was enjoying in his own quiet way this tilt of the Amazons.

"Tell yer what, Susan," he said as Louise disappeared, "I think you better stick to cooking and chores, and not be running yer head agin religion and Southern planters. My stars, but can't the old darkie be spunky. I like her, and I'll be blamed if I don't stop talking philanthropy to her after this."

"Clear yourself, you lazy tramp, out of this!" screamed Susan, brandishing a pot-lid after the rapidly retiring figure. Ebenezer, feeling himself safe, held the door ajar and called back: "Don't be calling names, Susie, dear; it's unbecoming to the sex, and might spile yer chance of a husband; that's already as small as the little end of nothing." Bang! went the pot-cover on the closing door, making a mark similar to the one that the amiable Susan's great progenitor, Cotton Mather, left in his inkstand tilt with the devil.

During all this time Father Halloran had been sitting by the bedside of the invalid (who had rallied materially since the morning), impafting those consolations which yield such strength to the suffering. Adele sank and rallied by turns during the severe winter months, the good priest visiting her from time to time, con-

soling her with the promise of guiding, as far as he could, the religious training of the little orphan she was so soon to leave among a people so antagonistic to her own most cherished principles.

As St. Joseph had been her patron during life, so did he guard her last moments, his own festival being the one chosen by God to call her hence. As her last moments drew near, all earthly longings and fears departed, leaving only a perfect Pentecost of peace and resignation, in lieu of the former dread and anxiety of parting with her child.

Mrs. Winthrop had promised Adele that the little one should be instructed in her own faith, and that she would send her to a convent as soon as she was old enough to leave her care. Whenever the weather permitted, Louise took her to church, and Father Halloran always had a picture, or told her a story, which would illustrate or serve to impress upon her mind some important religious truths. But unfortunately for the fulfilment of these fair promises, at the end of three years Mrs. Winthrop died ; died as she had lived, with the promises of religion in her ear, but the torture of a dumb despair in her soul, with the mockery of consolation ringing through the room, that God would be glorified by the damnation of her soul, preordained and foredoomed from the beginning. Thus, in the midst of hymns of praise and prayers of triumph, this poor soul, in agony unutterable, passed into the presence of that merciful One, who willeth that none shall perish. Let us hope that those who yet strive even under the pressure of such a blighting creed, may find the judgments of God far more merciful than those of man.

Chapter Third.

ASPIRATIONS.

The only surviving child of the Winthrops was Lucy, now the wife of Harvey Lyman, who had been married several years, and settled in one of the finest cities of the West. Mr. Lyman had risen from a poor clerkship to a position of weight and trust in the commercial world, and his advice and influence were sought in all affairs of importance. He aimed at wealth as the surest stepping-stone to business and social position, but he also united the study and culture that would combine the utility of the merchant with the principles and accomplishments of the gentleman. His wife determined to choose the sphere of literature, in which and through her patronage and the introduction of genius and genuine talent, she could create a new and exclusive circle; one, too, that would place her in a far more permanent and influential position than as a mere votary of fashion she could hope to attain. Their union had not been blest with children, and they considered this as the one gift needed to complete their worldly prosperity. During a visit to her mother, shortly after Adele's death, Mrs. Lyman had become deeply attached to the little orphan, and desirous of possessing her, she exacted a promise from Mrs. Winthrop, that, in the event of her own death, she would leave the child to her care.

Mrs. Lyman had been summoned in time to receive her mother's parting words and blessing. She dwelt particularly upon the fulfilment of her promise regarding little Adele's religious education. Believing that an injunction given at so solemn a moment was all that was necessary, she construed, in her weak state, her daughter's silence into assent. Roger Winthrop's share in the farm was of course to go to his child ; but renting, after the old lady's death, for a small sum, it proved barely sufficient in a few years to pay Adele's school-bills.

As soon as the affairs of the estate were settled, Mrs. Lyman, with her young charge, returned to her home.

She was glad to include Louise, as she would relieve her of the trouble and the caprices of one who had been taught by the old woman to think herself a young queen. The faithful servant's last act was to take the child to pay a parting visit to Father Halloran and her mother's grave, to leave there her last tribute of remembrance and love.

From the beginning of her charge, Mrs. Lyman insidiously worked like a true iconoclast, to banish from the child's mind all her religious impressions. She soon found, however, that it would require caution and tact to conquer Louise's sense of duty to her dead mistress in subjection to her own will on this point. Many were the sullen rejoinders and open acts of disobedience to these demands. But finally a threat of total separation from her darling "little missy" produced the desired effect.

"I'se done what I could to 'form de promise to her dat's dead and gone," soliloquized the old woman; "and if taking away de child from dese ole eyes is to pay, I gives it up. Gor a'mighty must fight his own battles in de future, 'case you see I'se atween two fires; and leaving de little one alone widout her ole mammy to love and kere for her, is of de most consequence in my 'pinion, nor de toder. She's bound for de promised land whichsomever road she takes, an' just as long as de life is left in dis ole body, I 'tends to hold on to her skeerts."

By degrees her catechism, prayer-book, and all the sacred souvenirs that linked her young heart with her mother's faith, disappeared from Adele's sight, and new interests, together with attractive and opposite associations, chased away from the young facile mind even the remembrance of those early lessons of love and truth. Every educational advantage was bestowed upon Adele; for although her aunt prized her beauty, yet her greater ambition was to place her as a bright star in that literary galaxy, of which the Lymans were now the central orb. Fortunately for these aspirations Adele was very bright and ambitious of knowledge; not, however, for the same motive that inspired her aunt, but for the pleasure and the resources that she derived from its pursuit. Mrs. Lyman had long contemplated the accomplishment of some plan that would serve to unite and concentrate the artistic and literary ability of the city into a circle that would render it productive and available. In perfecting this plan, the Lymans determined that its inception should be characterized by a liberal and just estimate of the claimants, who might present themselves for the verdict of either genius or talent. An unimpeachable moral standard, especially among women, amenity of manner, together with a regard for the conventionalities of polite society, were among the requisite degrees for an *entrée* into this chosen circle. Hence all celebrities in the world of letters, music, science, and the arts, at home or from a distance, were graciously received.

The inauguration of the assembly upon the remodelled plan was announced for Adele's seventeenth birthday, a proper occasion her aunt thought to introduce her into the social sphere she was now old enough to adorn.

I fear if one of the young *débutantes* of the present extravagant day could have seen our heroine after her toilet was completed, that not even her exquisite loveliness could atone for the simplicity of her attire. The belle of forty years ago was happily privileged to be independent of velvets, laces, silks, and jewels. She could attend the entire round of a gay winter series of parties, arrayed in a simple white Swiss or crape dress; this varied and adorned by a variety of ribbons or flowers would insure her a full amount of admiration and attention from the most elegant and fastidious beaux. Then

the beauty, whose wardrobe might literally contain "nothing to wear," might compete, on the score of success, with "Miss Flora's" endless variety; for the *nouveau riches* was a plant whose influence was scarcely felt beyond the marshes from whence it sprung, and its gaudy, parasitic colors was powerless to detract from the beauty and charm of the lowly wayside flower. The rule then was: Dress in accordance with your means, and enjoy your opportunities of pleasure; but now it is, Dress as your rich neighbor does, or stay at home to indulge rebellious feelings against your lot in life.

Mrs. Lyman had been fortunate in her choice of the evening, for a celebrity in the literary world had arrived only the day before, and it was soon whispered that Miss Harriet Martineau would be among the guests. The rooms looked very handsome with their wax-lights, mirrors, and tasteful floral decorations, and were filled at an early hour with a company, many of whom for genuine talent might have adorned the *salon* of the Abbaye-aux-Bois or the drawing-rooms of "Holland House."

After the guests had assembled, there arose that modulated hum, the twin-sister of silence, which always waits on expectation. Mr. Grenville, who had been chosen as a reader of the contributed articles, next took his seat in the centre of the room, and at his side was placed Miss Martineau. Of course she was the celebrity of the evening; her claims being well established through the reputation that had preceded her from England, since the production of "Deerbrook," and a variety of essays contributed to British periodicals. Beyond this she was not personally attractive; indeed, she might be called extremely homely, and her toilet was neither elegant or in good taste. Conversation also was rendered difficult with her, as she was totally deaf, and sound could only reach her by the aid of an ear-trumpet, which at that time was quite a curiosity. All these disadvantages, however, were redeemed in her case, as in Frederica Bremer's, by a benevolent expression of countenance, her fine conversational powers, and the spirited interest she evinced in the scenes and persons around her. As the time arrived for dispersing, every one expressed full satisfaction with the success that had crowned the evening. Even Adele admitted that she had been agreeably disappointed, and fell asleep pondering and striving to interpret the mythical poem of the handsome Angelo Leland; wondering, too, what the future might weave out of these first impressions, and the lovely phantasies of her first glimpse of this fairy land of youth.

Thus the winter passed in a round of gayety, and before its close, Adele had attained the bewildering, fascinating realm of reigning belle by the universal consent, even of her own set.

Chapter Fourth.

FLOWERS OF EDEN.

The extreme rarity of Adele's type of beauty had riveted the artistic eye of Angelo Leland at their first meeting, but, being indifferent to general society, and finding but little attraction among its younger representatives, he contented himself with enjoying her loveliness as he would have done the points of a fine picture. As the opportunity, however, for studying this model became more frequent, and her ideas and general tone of mind impressed him as he moved listlessly through the gay vortex, there arose, by degrees, a consciousness of that impalpable, mystical affinity, drawing him towards her, which is as old as truth itself.

Adele likewise had experienced the influence of this power, ever since their second meeting; but, piqued by the seeming indifference of the only one who had failed to join her train of admirers, she determined

that no sign from her should gratify either her own desire for a nearer acquaintance, or concede to the vanity of this sole one who chose to stand thus alone, a mere dreamer, amid a gay, thoughtless multitude. It soon became, however, impossible for Angelo to longer resist her magical fascination; accordingly he made the advance one evening, as they stood near together on the green carpeted lawn of Riverdale, under the glowing light of a declining sun; both enjoying the rural loveliness of the first strawberry party of the season.

"You seem to enjoy that distant view of the river very much, Miss Winthrop," he said, after having watched some time in silence her earnest gaze.

"I do, indeed; as well as everything so lovely and suggestive at this season in the country."

"If you will accept my lead then for a short walk, I will conduct you to a spot which will afford a view far surpassing anything that can be seen from this point."

Crossing a stile at the west end of the garden brought them into a meadow, carpeted with fresh young grass, studded with anemones, stars of Bethlehem, and clusters of the exquisite little blue forget-me-not—which now, alas! are scarcely known to the modern florist, and rarely to be found by the gatherer of nature's uncultured children.

Adele had dropped the arm of her escort, and scarcely remembered his presence in this novel enjoyment, as she discovered the eyes of these dainty little fairies peering at her from various parts of the field. Angelo Leland had allowed her to run on, whilst he kept at a distance, enjoying her natural *abandon*. He could never succeed in narrowing either his ideas or manners in accordance with the circumscribed conventionalisms of the world, or play the mincing, flattering beau to my lady Beatrice.

Out of patience with the hollowness and meretricious taste of the mere worldling, he never hesitated to express his opinion of its slaves or customs. Hence he was dubbed by some "a cynic," by others a misanthrope; and, although handsome, and gifted beyond the majority, he was therefore not a favorite with those who liked soft words and simulated admiration better than a sincere adherence to honest convictions. Angelo had been intently watching and studying Adele's graceful motion, together with the lovely, artless nature, which, under the influence of God's special kingdom, was so unconsciously blending itself therewith. He almost wished, at one moment, for a Watteau brush, with which to perpetuate her Arcadian beauty. But such pale water-tints were not within the measure of his gifts, and, even for such a subject, he turned from the momentary impulse, as if it were a degradation, to his own higher-toned inspirations.

Having seen her stand some time in evident perplexity upon the brink of a little stream, he walked quickly to her side, and, after reminding her in a gentle way that truant children were always punished, he guided her to a crossing, where, with the assistance of some large stones, she managed to reach the other side of the ravine with dry feet.

"You will have to take my arm now, Miss Winthrop, for you will find that steep hill rather tiresome. We must move quickly, too, or we will miss the grandest feature of the sunset," said Angelo. Already fatigued by her run over the meadow, Adele was quite out of breath when she reached the summit of the hill. But only for a moment was she conscious of a sense of weariness; in the next her mind was absorbed in the grandeur before her. The gates of "jasper and pearl," the streets of "gold and sardonyx," seemed revealed in the battlemented clouds, that were gathering their hosts to

usher to his rest the great king of day. The young verdure of the distant hills was bathed in the reflected light of these myriad tints, and the silvery sheen of the river embraced this gospel of creation's glory, and held it *en mirage* long after the labarum of golden purple had merged into the sombre hue that announces the coming night. Adele had dropped mechanically upon the grass, and, with eyes riveted upon the glorious vision, hands tightly folded upon her lap, and all her senses wrapped in a dream of elysium, she forgot even the existence and proximity of her fellow-worshipper. He was standing behind her, dividing his attention between the young girl and the scene. The one so old, even in its splendor, to the poet-artist; the other so new, in its pure, genuine freshness, to the sombre man of the world. Ah! he thought, what a pity that all this affluence is destined to be tainted, if not utterly destroyed, in that terrible maelstrom in which destiny has cast this lovely, fragile flower.

"Oh, do excuse me, Mr. Leland!" suddenly exclaimed Adele, quickly springing to her feet, and looking (with a blush) into his face; "I have been so rude, in devoting my attention so exclusively to my own feelings, instead of entertaining you, to whom I am indebted for such an exquisite treat."

"You need never apologize to me, Miss Winthrop, for being natural. Empty words, in presence of such departed majesty, would indeed have been out of place."

"I am glad you think so, sir; but then you know," she continued laughingly, "that the *conveuances* require, that when a gentleman is polite enough to give his attention to a lady, that she should at least requite them, by, by—"

"Some commonplace platitudes that are as empty as the wind. Excuse me for interrupting you, but you seemed at a loss for the proper word, and, as I take the reins of Atlas sometimes in hand, I am always ready to help the more timid ones over the artificial morasses and rocks."

"Thank you for your timely aid; but look at the river, how lovely it is. Oh, how I wish I were even a leaf upon its tide, to float down to my old beautiful home."

"My geography may be very much at fault, but really, Miss Winthrop, I can't see how you can reach the other side of the Alleghany Mountains by floating down this river."

"How absurd!" exclaimed Adele, laughing heartily; "why, what part of this Union, I should like to know, have you supposed I belonged to?"

"The land of the pilgrim fathers, of blue books, of pillories, etc."—here he paused; then continuing, as if reluctantly—"of witchcraft in its most dangerous form."

"Oh, what a slander, Mr. Leland; what a sad commentary upon your ethnographical discernment. Why, do I look like a Puritan, a Yankee?"

"Most assuredly not, especially at this moment, with your eyes flashing fire. But seriously, Miss Winthrop, I am delighted with this opportunity for enlightenment, for heretofore you have been a puzzle to me. I never could reconcile your physiognomical characteristics with the idea that the arctic coast of Maine was the region of your nativity. May I ask," he continued, with a mock dramatic air, "from which home of the gods you have descended?"

"From the realms of Flora, of Pomona; from the land of the orange and myrtle," she replied in the same vein; "but, to be serious, I am a native of Louisiana, born in New Orleans; but only know my beautiful home from the word-painting of my darling mother and the legendary lore of my old colored nurse. You, too, I should judge, Mr. Leland, are of Southern birth?"

"There you are mistaken, though

the impression is a natural one. I was born in the State of New York, but inherit my Southern lineaments from my mother, who was an Italian. Left an orphan very young, I was reared under the tutelage of my grandmother, who was a true Roman, ever, even in exile, clinging to the loving memory of her seven-hilled city. To her influence, I suppose it is, that are due many of my tastes and sentiments that are in general so unpopular with the prosaic American ideas. But, Miss Winthrop, we must return, for the twilight is already gathering."

"Yes, but there is a bright moon coming up to light our way. Oh, how I wish I could live always amid the repose and beauty of a scene like this!"

"I think you would soon weary of it, and long for those siren voices that rarely find their echo where truth reigns supreme. Beside, I don't think that you were born for the country, to love, as Willis says, pigs and chickens."

"Oh, what a shocking fall, Mr. Leland; though even they may be made the lower accessories to a higher good. You are a great painter, I am told; yet I am sure that your grandest conceptions are never spoiled because, in perpetuating them, you are forced to the menial task of washing your palette and brushes."

"I acknowledge the just retort, Miss Winthrop," he replied, gracefully raising his hat, as he walked homeward by Adele's side.

"As you cannot gather flowers now, I will show you a shorter route, which will take us to Riverdale in time for the strawberries and cream, for which I for one am quite ready, for, spite of the recent feast of soul, I confess to feeling dreadfully hungry."

Adele being surrounded by her admirers as soon as she reached the lawn, and plied with innumerable questions as to the cause and whereabouts of her absence, Angelo Leland, gently disengaging her arm, raised his hat, and, silently leaving the group, approached her no more that evening.

"What a stupid time you must have had," said volatile Sallie Perkins, "to be alone so long with that gloomy, tiresome man."

"He must reserve those qualities for your company, Sallie, for I assure you I found him a most agreeable and entertaining escort."

"Then you must like stupid people, that are always moralizing or talking about pictures and books."

"Well, yes; I confess that I do think that such people make a charming diversion, when there are so many silly things always floating on the surface of society." With this home-thrust, Adele moved away.

Angelo had wandered to a distant spot, preferring to be alone with the new train of thought and feeling that had bloomed within the last hour. Adele was the first woman he had ever met who had succeeded in interesting him beyond the passing moment; and yet he had been wandering for many years among the gay and lovely, ever hoping some day to realize that oft-recurring dream which should open the haven of a new and higher life for him. And now he had found this *vade mecum*, what was he to do with the gift? keep her, hold her against all competitors, or leave her to the narrow and blighting destiny for which he knew she was being trained by her aspiring worldly-minded relatives? Leave her to the torment and strife of a higher nature, with all its misery, in a gilded cage, or snatch her from the snare and fold her safe in the nepenthe of his own love? It was the old story, wealth and misery *versus* love and poverty. Which should decide?

Chapter Fifth.

FOREBODINGS.

The long dreamy summer days

were merging into the saddest of the year. The song of the birds grew fainter as they spread their wings for more sunny homes; the sweet-scented apple blossoms had ripened into fruit, and the forest trees bent and wailed, as the first mandate of the winter king mocked the approaching bereavement of their glory with a mantle of crimson and gold. With the flight of the birds, and the plaint of the falling leaves, had come the harvest time of two hearts. No word of committal had been spoken by either, yet each felt that the moment of destiny was at hand. Angelo had weighed the chances, and determined on the venture. He easily convinced himself that the income inherited from his grandmother, which heretofore had been barely sufficient to meet the expenses of his own luxurious tastes, might, by a wave of Cupid's torch, be doubly expanded. Then, too, he possessed both genius and talent, and with the necessity for earnest work, the inclination would surely come. Fame he had never as yet cared to attain. But now, with the incentive that springs from love,—with the conscious power of being able to lay at her feet a name emblazoned with such glory as had been won alone by the artists of past centuries,—with this noble incentive, he believed that he might yet set his name in glowing colors, side by side with a Correggio or a Durer, upon the tablet of centuries yet to come.

Adele had likewise been passing through even a greater contest, for she lived in a sphere where every feeling underwent the analysis of a valuation, whose basis was profit or loss. Often, when she thought her wares as precious as diamond dust, she would see them reduced by the alembic of her practical, scheming aunt, to a pile of glittering sand. Inheriting the native *insouciance* of her mother's character, though dashed with the energy and will of her father's spirit, she loved ease and comfort, and delighted in the indulgence of her luxurious tastes. Her aunt fully understood the test that her love for Angelo Leland would subject her to, and thus armed, worked steadily against his chance of success. She indulged more than ever her extravagant fancies, dwelt upon the advantages of wealth, and was correspondingly eloquent upon the horrors of poverty. Old Louise, too, who divined the bent her darling's heart was taking, and remembered, only too bitterly, all the woes that had followed the loss of fortune to the other members of the family, became roused into a determined rebellion against "her child" marrying such a poor "young gentleman" as Mr. Leland. To aid her cause she never lost an opportunity of detailing to Adele, when dressing her, minute particulars of the grandeur, ease, and affluence of her grandparents, when they were among the richest of the land, and then growing eloquent, from excess of feeling, she would draw the contrast between that time and their subsequent poverty. These pictures rarely failed to move one so impressionable as Adele. During a recent visit, Angelo had observed with a secret pang the growing coldness of both Mr. and Mrs. Lyman, as well as the vacillating character of Adele. He knew that her nature was true—knew that if she would be guided alone by the pure impulses of her heart, that the happiness of both would be secured.

"What have you been doing in your line lately?" asked Mr. Lyman, as Angelo was about taking his leave.

"I have just finished a fancy piece," he replied, "which seems to please some of our best connoisseurs, and at their request I have consented to place it in Welden's gallery."

"A very good idea, indeed," said Mr. Lyman, in a patronizing tone. "I am decidedly in favor of culti-

vating the public taste. A just estimate of works of art will not interfere with our commercial prosperity. Pictures beautify a house and elevate our tastes. If our people would believe this, and give more patronage to such objects, a growing and discriminating value would be the result. I will bring the ladies to-morrow to see your work, and if convenient, would like to meet you there, in order to have you explain the fine points of the picture."

Angelo preceded the party to the gallery the next morning, in order to see it hung in the most favorable light. He looked upon it with love, for it gave back the lights and shadows that had glinted from his own heart upon the insensible canvas. Mr. Lyman was the first to arrive, as the ladies had engaged to meet him there; but as Angelo wished that the eyes of Adele should be the first to fall upon the picture, he managed to divert Mr. Lyman's attention by examining and discussing other works of art. In a few moments the ladies arrived, and Angelo conducted them to the upper gallery, where "The Voyage of Love" was hung. He placed himself in a position to command the first expression of Adele's eyes. She had stood about five minutes in rapt attention, gazing with a far-away expression, as if reading a chapter of her own life in the Sibylline leaves of fate; then suddenly raising her eyes, humid with the halo of love, they fell upon Angelo's face, and he knew then that the stone had been rolled away, and all the old doubts and fears, all the deferred hopes, floated radiantly out into a cloudless sky.

The scene depicted represented a lovely valley bordered by a silvery stream. The heavens still retained the auroral tints of rosy gold, and the soft, fleecy whiteness of the newborn day. The ground was green, and dotted with tiny blossoms of clover and anemones, through which a brown path had been tracked to the river's brink. Over this hung a large dark rock, which was now covered luxuriantly with mosses, ferns, and a wild vine of sweetbrier in full bloom. At the base of this floated a small boat, into which a young man was placing a beautiful girl, who, in raising her foot, turns upon his face a look of mingled love and timidity. Upon this countenance and attitude, the whole wealth of the painter's art had evidently been bestowed. She was as lovely as a poet's dream. Her golden hair and violet eyes were shaded by a wide brimmed hat that sat jauntily upon her head. A deep, passionate heart gleamed in her lover's eyes, and said, "Trust in me," as he held her hand, and answered her questioning appeal for courage and safety. Any one familiar with the secrets of these two hearts would have discovered at a glance the lovely blonde of the picture mirrored in the beautiful dark-eyed one then standing before this semblance of her second self. But prosaic people are generally too obtuse to discern the heart in the work of the hands, so Adele alone interpreted the allegory in its truth. The entire work was redolent of a hope, a trust, and a love that had attained fruition. The "Voyage of Love" seemed not only an anticipation, but one safely and blissfully accomplished.

Whilst the Lymans were expressing their admiration of this production they were joined by a middle-aged man, whose general appearance might now be designated as "shoddy;" but all the wealth of Crœsus could never impart to his burly, though not clumsy figure, that *savoir faire* which always marks the gentleman.

"Ah, good morning, good morning, sir," he said, as if in a desperate hurry. "Like myself, looking at the picters, I see! Pretty face that; but them wishy-washy things with no meaning in 'em is not my style. Give me dogs and horses, or pigs

and chickens, with a bit of a house, and a sprinkling of carts and barrels; things a body can understand; but these daubs that your fancy folks call 'high art,' is all stuff and nonsense."

"I see," replied Mr. Lyman, amused, "that you are always in favor of the practical, Mr. Rowland. But how is it that you find time today to waste on such nonsense, since you have no use in your line for such trifles?"

"Very true, sir. But you see my sister likes to keep up with the fashions, and she insists upon my new drawing-room being fixed off like other fine houses; so as picters are fashionable, she says we must have them too, and I stole a minute to come with her here, to see what I could pick up at a bargain. After all, now I come to think of it, that feller handing the girl into the boat is not so bad, and I think it might do to fill up a bare place, and match pretty well with a poultry yard I just bought; they're 'bout the same size. Wonder if it's to sell, and what's the price?"

"The gentleman who painted it is here," replied Mr. Lyman, and he introduced Angelo to the millionaire.

Sell his labor of love, his soul's shadow, to that piece of vegetation! The very suggestion was profanation. He might as well have asked him to put a money value on the lovely girl at his side. Angelo's reply was so terse and unmistakably negative, that Mr. Rowland, after a long stare at him, turned, with a shrug of contempt, and made a rapid exit.

"Who is he?" asked Mrs. Lyman of her husband.

"He is the new western Crœsus, or rather Midas, for everything he touches seems to turn into gold. He is a clever kind of fellow in his way, though his grammar might shock Lindley Murray, and his manners would certainly throw a Chesterfield into spasms. But they'll both be swallowed, for the taste for gilded pills is growing fast."

"Is he married?" queried his wife.

"No, indeed, and not likely to be. That Cerberus of a sister would keep all such aspirants at bay, even if Rowland was inclined, at this late day, to risk a ticket in the matrimonial lottery."

"You are complimentary, Harvey."

"Why, my dear, you know that I always say I was fortunate enough to draw the one eel out of the bag of snakes."

"And no doubt would risk, like the great chancellor's old father, a second dip into the sack, if I give you a chance," retorted his wife. "But," she continued, "I want you to introduce me to that man. I will call on his sister, and invite them to our next *soirée*."

"What branch of literature or the fine arts do you expect them to illustrate, my dear?"

"Pshaw! You needn't laugh at me, Harvey. People have to go out of their own circle, sometimes, when the motive is strong enough."

Mr. Lyman looked inquiringly at his wife; then as a new light dawned upon him, exclaimed:

"What scheming brains and ambitious purposes you women develop, when self-interest moves you. It is a grand plan, Lucy, but it won't work."

"We will see. Only don't thwart me, Harvey, and I'll engage to succeed," said his wife, as she parted with him at the door.

Chapter Sixth.

SILVER BELLS.

"We are to have a new acquisition to our *soirée*, to-night," said Mrs. Lyman, at the breakfast-table, about two weeks after the visit to Welden's gallery.

"Indeed!" exclaimed Adele; "I

have not heard of any distinguished arrivals."

"Nor have I; but I have determined to be less exclusive than last winter, and to invite at subsequent meetings a few friends, irrespective of any literary consideration. By the way, Adele, did you notice that large fine-looking man who was talking to your uncle the day we went to see Mr. Leland's picture?"

"Do you mean the man that offered to buy it, and whose good taste and grammar were so remarkable?" asked Adele, with a perceptible sneer.

"The same, my dear. I admit that his style of conversation is not euphonious; but you must acknowledge that he is very handsome."

"Yes, if a lump of flesh and blood, with the soul left out, may be called so."

"Now, my dear child, you are prejudiced; you mustn't expect everybody to come up to your fastidious standard. If you look for an Adonis, or *belle-lettres* scholar, in every man you meet, you will be sadly disappointed. We must take people as we find them, and give worth, as well as talent, its just due."

Adele made no reply to this admirable principle, but wondered at the sudden budding of these democratic views in the mind of her aunt, who heretofore had maintained a very different doctrine. She rather suspected, however, that the work, in this instance, was entirely vested in the individual's moneybags.

With the initiative of the morning she was not surprised when she saw her aunt, leaning upon the arm of Mr. Rowland, approaching her for the purpose of a formal introduction. Inclined to be amused, and having no qualms as to the subject thus used, Adele devoted her entire attention to him, and with marvellous tact managed to draw him into a conversation that betrayed his weakest points. She played with him as a skilful angler does with the fish upon his hook, and when satisfied as to his true measure, and wearied with his vulgarity and *persiflage*, she managed to give him the slip for some one more desirable.

Angelo Leland had watched with a beating heart the whole proceeding. Intuitively he divined the motive, and shuddered as he saw the end Mrs. Lyman was striving to accomplish. At the first opportunity he secured Adele's promise for a walk the next morning, to one of the adjacent hills, to gather, before the heavy frosts, her winter supply of fall leaves and berries.

When they had reached the calm and silence of one of nature's loveliest haunts, after a short pause, as if under the sacred influence of the scene, Angelo said: "I owe you an apology, Miss Adele, for being a little late; but the truth is, I was prompted to the performance of a good action this morning, and as such inspirations come to me at rare intervals now, I thought best to submit to the guidance of my good angel." Adele raised her eyes inquiringly to his face. "I have been to church," he continued, "and heard mass for the first time in many months, and I must acknowledge that the influence of the service touched a chord that rarely vibrates now."

"Your excuse, if one were needed, is certainly sufficient; but what particular festival is this to call forth such a sudden burst of devotion?"

"Why don't you know it is the first of November, the feast of 'All Saints?'"

"So it is," she replied. "I wish I had remembered it in time, for I think I too would have gone to the Catholic Church, if only to commemorate the event it marks for me —that of my birth. It is strange that my heart always seems drawn to that church. I never feel in other places the sense of rest and elevation that comes to me when I sit in the dim, solemn light of her time-

hallowed aisles. With Southey, I can truly say:

"'The silence of that sacred pile falls on the heart.'"

"Then you do sometimes visit your venerable and true mother?" said Angelo, with a tone of emotion in his voice.

"Yes, indeed, I do," replied Adele. "It is an impulse that I find impossible, at times, to resist. Nothing possesses such a charm for me, as the lights, flowers, and incense of that altar, that is associated with my earliest memories, and which always so vividly recalls the face and voice of my darling mother. Sometimes, when sitting there alone, allowing fancy to draw me where she listeth, I imagine that I can hear her dear, soft voice whisper through the solemn stillness."

"And yet, Miss Adele, you steadfastly reject those, your best and purest impulses."

"Why I only look upon it as a beautiful sentiment now. Some day, perhaps, it may take form—some far-distant day, when the glamour of youth is past, and years and cares press the necessity of religion as a part of one's life. At present I find the music and splendid eloquence of Mr. Chandler sufficiently suggestive to keep me solemn enough for a long, dull Sunday."

"I am too bad a renegade to lecture or even advise you in so serious a matter; but recreant as I have been, I confess to a still ardent latent affection for the faith of my childhood—an affection which no cold, soulless form of Protestantism can ever fill."

Adele remained silent, weaving a wreath of fall leaves and lichens, for several moments; then heaving a long sigh, she drew from her pocket an exquisite rosary, of turquoise and pearl beads, strung on gold wire.

"Perhaps, Mr. Leland," she said, "you can tell me the devotional use of this bauble?"

"Why, it is a rosary! Where did you get it, Miss Adele!"

"This morning my aunt gave it to me, with some other jewels that had belonged to my mother."

After musing a few seconds, Angelo said, "I am ashamed to own that I have entirely forgotten the form of the devotion, with the exception of the invocation to the Blessed Virgin; but I can find it in a prayer book, if you are really anxious to learn it."

"No," replied Adele; "I don't care particularly about the prayers, but I think I should like to keep this always about me;" and she was twining it about her hands as she spoke, "as a talisman, for mamma's sake." Then suddenly exclaiming, "Oh, I know! I see now what I can do! I will have the chain opened here, by the cross, with a clasp, will twist it around my arm so, and wear it as a bracelet," and she suited the action to the word.

"A very artistic idea," replied Angelo, with a smile the least bit sinister; "and just like your sex, always keeping the ornamental in view. But allow me to make a suggestion. If, as you say, you really want to wear this souvenir as a talisman for your dead mother's sake, don't you think that the memorial would be doubly hallowed by combining its true use, as she did; thus making it externally not only a link with her earthly life, but through prayer one also with her heavenly."

"Why, Mr. Leland," said Adele, as she looked earnestly in his face, "how pious your mood is this morning. I never saw you in such a frame of mind before. You must have chosen Fra Bartolomeo as your patron in piety as well as in arts."

"Don't laugh at me, Adele. I *am* serious, and as solemnly impressed to-day as if the Fates were busy cutting some precious golden thread of my life."

She was impressed, spite of herself, by his solemnity, so, more to

humor his mood than to gratify her own curiosity, she said,

"But to return to the rosary; tell me what I must do to sustain that poetic idea of yours, about a link with mamma, on earth and in heaven."

"Only these words;" and he repeated, as he raised his hat reverentially, slowly and solemnly, the salutation of the angel Gabriel, and the daily invocation of every child of the Church.

"It is pretty," said Adele, after a pause; "yes, and touching too. How strange," she continued, "as I ponder the words, they seem like the strain of a familiar lullaby. I must have known it once. Let me try if I can repeat it."

And as she followed his prompting, there seemed to arise before her a beautiful, pallid woman, wrapped in shawls, reclining in an easy chair, with her hand on the head of a little child, who was kneeling at her feet, lisping this same prayer. The vision flooded her soul with such vividness that she felt it to be the reproduction of some distant and forgotten scene. Memories of her mother, of her childish days, filled her heart, and burying her face in her hands, she wept bitterly.

The low surging of the autumn wind, the dropping of the leaves, which fell like music in this Dodona grove, filled her soul with a diapason of tender memories, and struck a wailing chord, like a *requiescat* for the faith so long dead.

Angelo Leland had left her in that sacred solitude to the indulgence of those retrospections, for he knew their value, and trusted that through them she might be led back to the old faith.

When he returned, with his hands filled with leaves as exquisitely tinted as if his own brush had arranged the colors, he was surprised to find Adele not only apparently recovered from her momentary sadness, but evidently determined to banish it from her thoughts. Springing up and replacing her bonnet as she wiped the still lingering moisture from her eyes, she exclaimed: "Here have we two been wasting this lovely morning in talk dismal enough to give even Puck the blues. I hate to be sad; I don't see the use of people making such a serious matter of life; I am sure God meant us to enjoy it, so I, for one, intend to catch only the sunbeams and leave the motes for those who fancy such companionship."

"Then you mean to join the school of the laughing philosophers only, and consent to drink alone the foam of the glass, leaving the lees for those who accept the 'goblet with its bitter leaf?'"

"Of course, and thereby follow the advice of Solomon, by not anticipating the evil days."

"Your philosophy reminds me," replied Angelo, with a tinge of sadness in his tone, "of that beautiful old legend of a valorous king, who, pitying the selfish and miserable lives of his predecessors, determined to prove to the world that perfect and complete happiness was within the reach of every earnest seeker. So being both generous and unselfish, he determined that his subjects should enjoy every gala day, and every happy event that should crown his own life. Accordingly it was proclaimed that whenever a musical silver bell, the cord of which hung in the king's cabinet, should be rung, that all the bells of the city should, in peals of joy, summon the people to leave their various pursuits to celebrate and share the happiness of their king."

"Well, of course," interrupted Adele, "with all the resources for enjoyment at majesty's command, he found what he sought. The people must have wearied of his bell-ringing."

"You are mistaken. King though he was, endowed with plenary power in all else, he failed in his invocations for happiness, as miserably as the poorest peasant of his

realm; all the luxury of an easy, idle, sensuous life; the glory and *elan* of battle; the deep absorbing lore of science and philosophy; the lulling, ravishing cadence of music; the dreamy charms of poesy; the witchery of love; all failed in turn to yield anything more than a temporary sense of pleasure. Time and again, when under some one of these influences, his hand was extended to pull the silken cord, but it was always arrested by some *contretemps*, or counteracting influence, that either tempered or totally destroyed the sensation of joy. Once, only once the bell was heard to peal, and then—" Angelo paused.

"Then what," petulantly said Adele. "Go on, please; tell me the rest."

"No; it is a sad story, and you said awhile ago that you didn't want to hear such."

"But now you have interested me and excited my curiosity, so I retract; but remember, only for this time, sir."

Angelo continued: "Every gift that can be bestowed upon man, through lofty position and exalted fame, had been this king's. He had won the bride of his first and purest love, but death claimed her before the orange-blossoms had withered. He had been crowned, through the prowess of his arms, by glory and fame, but the blood of his own beloved subjects had dimmed with tears the trophies of his conquests. He had gained wealth by an increase of territory, but this acquisition turned the sword of his own brother against his heart. Through a second marriage noble children were born to him, but just as they blossomed into loveliness, one by one this precious gift was recalled. Family pride and affectionate friends gathered around his fireside, but still there was a canker in every bud. Thus death came at last to him, as it comes to all, and with its shadows he felt the depressing truth, that with all his natural gifts and opportunities, life, its promises and aspirations, had proved an utter failure. And now he must relinquish crown and sceptre, nay, even the boon of life, with the full consciousness that he had never realized for one day a sense of perfect unalloyed happiness. Then as his breath became more labored, and his eyes grew dim, as the vista of futurity was slowly opening before him, there came floating through the air, rousing his waning senses, a sound, low and distant at first, but gathering in volume and drawing nearer and nearer to the palace walls. Rousing himself, with an effort, from his stupor, the king asked, 'What sound is that?'

"'It is the mourning of your people, sire, for the extremity of their beloved king.'

"Then there passed over his whitened face a ray of light like unto the rosy glow left by the setting sun, as he feebly cried, 'Then my people love me! Thank God for this assurance that I have not lived in vain, but that even in these last moments, I may claim and take with me hence, one trophy, one sensation of genuine happiness.' And reaching out his trembling, emaciated hand, and seizing the silken cord, with one long pull, the silver bell pealed forth its first and last blessed annunciation of this long-sought, protracted token of joy. And as its vibrations mingled with the prayers and sobs of the people to this blessed *requiem*, the soul of the good king passed into eternity."*

Adele sat perfectly silent for some moments after he finished the legend, looking at the river. At length, rousing from her reverie, she said: "It is a beautiful story, but I don't like the sentiment, and won't believe it."

* This story was sketched many months before Mr. Stoddart's poem of the "King's Bell" was published. The writer has adopted the text of the old legend from Doctor Doran, which differs materially in the closing scene from the one rendered so beautifully by Mr. Stoddart.

"Then you don't believe that to be truly and faithfully loved is the greatest of all earthly gifts? Ah, Adele, how you love to torture me. Why not respond to your best impulses, which are always just and true?"

"Do be reasonable, Mr. Leland," she replied, turning away her head, "and be satisfied with the assurances I have already given you."

Angelo sighed heavily, walked away, then returning, said: "I am going to speak to your uncle this evening, and end this suspense."

"*Bon voyage, mon ami,*" she replied, assuming a tone of forced banter to conceal the really deep feelings that were agitating her; "but I fear you will only invoke the tempest; and so will I," she continued, "if we don't hurry home." She took the lead down the narrow path, her gayety gone, and a sad, thoughtful expression in her eyes. There was a great contest in this young heart between love, ambition, and fear. Which should eventually conquer neither could tell.

Angelo did speak to Mr. Lyman that evening, but, as he judged him to be totally unfitted for all the purposes of earnest practical life, he refused her hand as gently as possible. He strove to convince him that Adele's was a temperament that could neither be useful nor happy under poverty. He concluded by advising him to dispel this fancy, just as he would have told him to throw off his coat or take off his boots. Love and hearts were at a heavy discount in Mr. Lyman's schedule. With many expressions of regret for the necessary cessation of his visits, which he trusted would be only for a time—"as, of course, they would both be reasonable"—he bade him good-night.

(To be continued.)

LIBERALISM AND THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

I.

One of the strongest arguments which the liberals are in the habit of adducing in their own favor is the example of the United States of America. Observe, say they, that young republic of the New World! It has sprung into existence, has been educated, has increased under the influences of our principles. There is no nation that can be compared with it in prosperity, in greatness, in the enjoyment of every delicious fruit of civil culture. Who, then, will not appreciate the worth of our principles, and will not desire to experience their beneficent effects on his own country? Before so specious an argument, many simpletons remain convinced, and declare that Liberalism is right, the proofs being so evident. But sensible persons, who do not accept facts blindly, but examine them and find out their causes, easily perceive, that, on the contrary, if there be a practical argument capable of confounding Liberalism, it is precisely the example of the United States. Because, looking at the matter seriously, we easily discover that the greatness and prosperity of that nation are due to the fact, that it is formed and constituted upon principles entirely contrary to those professed by modern Liberalism; and that, on the other hand, by moving away from the former in the direction of the latter, it has already begun to fall seriously in the moral order, so that, if a remedy be not applied in time, the material order

will be ruined likewise. An excellent work has just appeared from the pen of M. Claude Jannet, which goes far to correct false opinions on this subject.* Hitherto judgments of America were founded upon the work of M. Tocqueville, *La Democratie en Amerique*. But, in the first place, this writer only visited the northern part of the republic, without setting foot in the southern part, which is the most important. (The writer evidently alludes to the Middle States.) In the second place, from 1832, when Tocqueville compiled his history, down to our days, things in America have changed greatly. Suffice it to say, that the population is more than doubled, averaging now about forty millions, and the principal cities have increased in an incredible manner. It followed as a consequence, that the nation, which was almost exclusively agricultural, became industrial and commercial, and now not the rural districts, but the cities preponderate in the public *régime*. Besides immigration, not scarce and desultory, as it used to be, but rapid and like a torrent, has debilitated the assimilating force of the country in such a manner that the new-comers do not become invested with the nature of the original colonists, but preserve their own. Availing ourselves then of the work of M. Jannet, which was written after a very attentive observation of present facts, and from exclusively American documents, it is the object of this article to show, that the example of the United States of America, instead of favoring Liberalism, is a manifest condemnation of it.

II.

A DESIRE of escaping from the religious persecution of the mother country induced, about the middle of the seventeenth century, many Puritans and English Catholics to seek an asylum in the new world. The Puritans founded New England, the Catholics Maryland. Both New England and Maryland, however, were merely colonies, subject to the dominion of the king of England. The subordinate sovereignty which they enjoyed, instead of deriving from the will of the individual associates, came from the free grant of the prince, and was exercised, not by the entire community, but by its most notable members. "Their little states or communities," writes M. Jannet, "were not constituted in virtue of a social contract, into which each person carried his primordial right of sovereignty. Nothing of the kind. All those colonies were formally constituted into a political society by charters, in virtue of which the kings of England granted the landed properties comprised in the writ, the right of administration, of judicature, of electing the local functionaries, and of sanctioning laws, provided they were not contrary to those of the kingdom, to a certain number of persons expressly named in the charter, to their heirs and successors, and to all those who would afterwards be admitted into the colony as freemen. It was through the cession of rights and successive amplification that the body of freemen became invested with political sovereignty, but always in virtue of a delegation, and under the lofty dominion of the crown." Popular sovereignty, in the sense of the liberals, was entirely excluded, both on account of the fountain whence sprang the power, and on account of the quality of the subject invested with the power. The fountain, or source, was the authority of the prince, the subject the freeman. Although the word *freeman* etymologically signifies individual independence, still, according to the old English and Germanic laws, it was only given to the fathers of families, landowners. Liberty of conscience, according to the acceptation by the Liberals, was

* Les Etats-Unis contemporains. Les Mœurs, les Institutions, et les Idées depuis la guerre de secession, par Claude Jannet. Ouvrage précédé d'une lettre de M. Le Play. Paris, 1876.

also excluded. Indeed, both the Catholics and the Puritans strove for the free exercise of their own religion, not because they recognized the right of every man to hold that belief which best suited his fancy, but because they considered their own the only true religion, and themselves bound by the law of God to profess it. Nay, the Puritans excluded from their community the exercise of every other form of worship. Jannet writes: "They did not establish in the religious order the thesis of absolute liberty. They vindicated the right of practicing their own religion, because the only true one, and not in virtue of a right inherent in every man. Like the first Christians, in the face of the Pagan emperors, they invoked the absolute sovereignty of God; only, instead of taking their rule of belief from the decisions of the popes and the councils, they gathered it from the particular interpretations of their own theologians." Of intolerance towards dissenters, he says: "From its own side, the civil power placed its first duty in *sustaining the Church*, according to the words of the celebrated minister, John Cotton. Not only did he proscribe those who did not adhere to the principles of Congregationalism, and prohibit, under the most atrocious penalties, Catholics, Quakers, and Anabaptists, from entering the colony, but the General Court studied to maintain a rigorous orthodoxy among the different congregations of the colony, and cruelly exiled all who professed the slightest contrary doctrine." It is true that the Catholics of Maryland proclaimed liberty of worship. But, besides restricting this liberty to those who believed in Christ, they did not make such a concession in deference to a *liberalesque principle*, but only to soften, by their example, the intolerance of the Protestant colonies. Their generosity cost them dearly, and proved how foolishly Catholics give admittance to heresy.

Availing themselves of the religious liberty in Maryland, the Puritans of the North and other dissenters flocked there in such numbers, that they were soon in the majority. Having overthrown the government of Lord Baltimore, they sanctioned the most oppressive laws against Catholics, which not only excluded them from public and private offices, and deprived them of political rights, but also interdicted the opening of schools, and the celebration of mass outside of private houses, nay, forbade them to pass in front of the palace of the government, and to frequent certain quarters of the city. Behold how Protestants acknowledge the generosity of Catholics! We have luminous examples of this today in Prussia and Switzerland, where the Catholics are compensated with a most ferocious persecution for their condescension towards the German Lutherans and the Swiss colonists, in the peace which succeeded the religious wars, and in the treaties concluded for political union. Catholics are generally charged with intolerance, but in truth it is the property of Protestants and their direct descendants, the Liberals of today. As for political naturalism and the complete independence of the state of religious influence—another capital principle of liberalism—the American colonies were so remote from it that they rather seemed a theocratic government. To speak of the Protestants alone, the real sovereign of Puritan institutions was God, and the Bible their fundamental statute. Setting out with the idea, most just in itself, that this life, with the things thereof, was but a preparation for the future, they made civil society subordinate to this end, and constrained individual members to observe the Decalogue. In this they imitated all the great races. But they pushed their theocratic notions farther still, and modelled their institutions after those of the epoch of the Judges of Israel. The

code of Connecticut, for instance, textually reproduced a series of verses from Deuteronomy and Leviticus. The other colonies of the North and South were, in substance, constituted according to the same principles. With such ordinances, peace, prosperity, and good morals flourished among those people during the colonial period, and according to such principles were formed those brave spirits that afterwards fought so nobly against British arrogance.

III.

HAVING gained the victory over the mother country the colonies of America proclaimed their independence in 1776, and instituted themselves into democratic States, united together for the common defence. This was the origin of the Grand Republic of the United States of America, which received its definite Constitution in the Congress of 1787. In virtue of this Constitution, and of the enterprising spirit and tenacious respect for the law which are characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon race, that people soon soared to the summit of civil culture, and won the admiration of the whole world. Yet that Constitution is far from being the result of liberalesque principles. In the first place, it did not pretend to establish a code of the rights and duties of the man and the citizen, but presupposed the one and the other, and only determined the laws which arose from the new condition of things. The framers of that Constitution did not consider it necessary to remodel society from the beginning, dissolving it into its first inorganic elements, but supposed it already subsisting in its organic parts, with its traditions and rights of individual liberty, of property, of family, of religion. It was only necessary for these parts to be united anew, in consequence of their separation from the old centre. "Instead of proceeding *a priori*," observes M. Jannet, "upon a razed table, the Constitution limited itself to regulating the relations of living and organic entities, such as were the States, and in their simply belonging to the Union, it organized the different federal powers according to the model furnished by their own special constitutions." As for the organization of these powers, it has nothing in common with the ideas of the present revolution. This aims at making numbers prevail. "That assured the prevalence of right," M. Jannet continues; "far from favoring the sovereignty of the people, Washington and the authors of the Federal Constitution wished to establish *a government of counterpoises*, in which no particular power could pretend to be the representative of the will of the people, and in which the rights of the minority would be secure from the attacks of the majority." This is evident from the attributes of each power and from the manner of their institution. The Senate represents the individual States and protects their rights. Each State has two Senators, independently of the number of inhabitants. Now, in reality, the Senate is the directing body of the Federal Union. Besides the legislative power which it has in common with the House of Representatives, it participates, with the President, in the executive power. To him belongs the confirmation of international treaties, and the nomination of the principal officers of government. The House of Representatives is in reality elected by the people, but each State, although sending a number proportionate to the number of inhabitants, has the absolute right of determining the conditions of capacity in the electors. "But the great safeguard given to the minority," writes M. Jannet, "and the most effective barrier against the excesses of the people, or their representatives, is in the powerful organization and independence of the judiciary power. The exception of unconsti-

tutionality can always be brought up before the Federal courts. They have the right of declaring unconstitutional and of refusing the application of those laws of Congress which seem contrary to the text and principles of the Constitution. The Supreme Court of the United States thus exercises a revision of the laws voted by the different States. The Constitution prohibits the States from making retroactive criminal laws, or laws which alter or destroy rights acquired in virtue of a contract. Now, when a citizen thinks himself offended by the application of such a law, he appeals to the Federal courts, which, in virtue of this article of the Constitution, vote a prevalence to the rights acquired by individuals, or by a corporation, against the unjust decisions of any legislature;" nay, more, the very seat of Congress is a guarantee against popular influences. It is not one of the large cities of the Union, but the little city of Washington, in the little District of Columbia, which is under the government of Congress.

IV.

THE only thing which seems to harmonize with the principles of modern liberalism, is the absolute liberty of conscience and worship sanctioned by the Constitution. But if it be seriously considered, this is precisely the point most at variance with the aforesaid principles. In fact, full liberty of worship was given, not as resulting from a natural right, and to be introduced everywhere according to the maxims of liberalism, but as a political necessity in such a multiplicity of different creeds, and particularly as an act of justice to the Catholics, who had hitherto been persecuted and oppressed.

This was the principal argument by which Franklin, who was sent by the Americans to ask the assistance of France, induced Louis XVI to become the ally of the young republic. Here another difference is evident. The liberty of worship of the Liberals is promoted for the detriment of Catholics. Liberty of worship was proclaimed by the Constitution of the United States for the good of Catholics, and well the Church knew how to avail herself of this liberty for the propagation of the faith. In 1789 the first bishopric was formed in the United States. At present there is a numerous ecclesiastical hierarchy, which exercises spiritual jurisdiction over seven millions of Catholics, or over nearly the sixth part of the entire population. "In 1875," says Jannet, "the Catholic hierarchy is composed of eleven ecclesiastical provinces, which count eleven archbishoprics, forty-seven bishoprics, and nine vicariates apostolic. The religious orders are very numerous. To confine our citations to the male orders, the Jesuits, Lazarists, Franciscans, and Dominicans have numerous houses. The first are distinguished for their colleges, and missions among the Indians. The Benedictines have founded several agricultural and scientific institutions of considerable importance. Finally, a congregation, adapted to special preaching throughout the country, has been formed in New York, under the title of Paulists. The American clergy are second to none, either in point of discipline or science. Thanks to the liberty which they enjoy before the civil power, no false opinion has ever been harbored among them which would alter the great current of tradition. Gallicanism and liberal Catholicism have never penetrated into the United States. Even before the Vatican Council the American Catholics professed a belief in Papal infallibility. Although deeply attached to the republican institutions of the country, they thoroughly comprehend the superior principle of legitimacy which rules all political forms, and they sanction

all those which are conformable to traditional law."

Another capital difference between the liberty of worship of the Liberals and that of the Americans is, that the former is only apparent, the latter a positive reality. For a proof of this, it is sufficient to look at Prussia, Switzerland, and Italy, countries in which liberty of worship is proclaimed by sound of trumpet. In Prussia iniquitous laws are passed against the Catholics, ecclesiastical jurisdiction is usurped, the religious orders are suppressed, the sacred ministers are deposed and imprisoned. In Switzerland, besides similar attempts against the rights of Catholics, their churches are taken from these and given to the new heretics. Though Italy has not descended to these excesses, still the Church of God suffers severely. Bishops are not deposed, but they are not recognized; they are not imprisoned, but they are driven from their residences. The religious are not banished from the country, but they are suppressed as corporations, and their goods confiscated. The administration of the sacraments is not forbidden, but laws are passed which hinder it materially. Such is liberty of worship as understood by the Liberals.

How widely different is the conception in the United States! There, the bishops directly appointed by the Pope, without the interference of the government, are recognized as such. They acquire, possess, and administer property in their quality of bishops; religious orders are founded; they open schools and universities without any hindrance from the government. The Catholics freely profess their religion and have, equally with the rest, full liberty of association and foundation. "Civil personality," says M. Jannet, "is amply granted to parishes and congregations of whatsoever denomination. Nay, there are some States in which it is sufficient that any Christian association have an organic regulation, to be fully recognized as a corporation enjoying civil existence." In short, to show that religious liberty in the United States is a truth, and not a falsehood, as it is under the Liberal governments, we will recite the sentence pronounced in 1873, by the Court of Appeal of the State of Kentucky, upon the suit for defamation entered by a certain Lucas against the excommunication pronounced by his pastor. "The Court cannot examine whether the Church has done well or ill in excommunicating Lucas, because it is incompetent and powerless to repair the wrong which the plaintiff contends was done him. In becoming a member of that Church, he freely submitted himself to its authority, and no tribunal on earth can examine the acts of ecclesiastical jurisdiction." It would be eminently proper to send Bismarck and also the honorables of the Italian Parliament to the school of the American jurisconsults.

V.

While this religious liberty gives so much independence to ecclesiastical authority on one hand, it does not, on the other, include that separation of the Church from the State which the legal atheism of Liberalism demands. It is true that the American Constitution does not speak of religion. That was, as Dr. Baird observes, because it was not deemed necessary to speak of it, because it was simply a question of giving a Constitution to people who already had their religious organization. Still, Congress and the Federal authorities show, in practice, that they recognize Christianity as the religion of the State. The oath is taken on the Bible. Sunday is scrupulously observed. The army and navy have chaplains paid by the government, and subsidies are given to the missioners, even Catholic,

who devote themselves to the conversion of the Indians. A more luminous proof of what we assert is found in the essentially religious conflict which the government sustains against the Mormons in Utah, where even force is employed to disperse them, because polygamy is contrary to the law of the Gospel. The sessions of Congress begin with a prayer, offered up by a chaplain specially appointed; and in the capitol itself there is a chapel where divine service is celebrated on Sunday for the members of Congress. But the tie between civil society and religion is still more evident in the legislative institutions of individual States. "The legislation of all the States," says Jannet, "without distinction, punishes the flagrant violation of Sunday, and blasphemy. The elections never take place on Sunday, and, in order to facilitate for the electors the exercise of their right, recent laws declare that election days are legal holidays. On Sundays all the shops and taverns are closed, and public amusements, as also business, are suspended."

As for matrimony, its religious celebration renders it valid before the law. The certificate given to the contracting parties by the sacred minister, is amply sufficient for any juridical transaction. Is this, we ask, liberty of worship, as understood by the Liberals?

VI.

In conclusion, considering the republican form of government in the United States of America, sovereignty resides in the people, not as they are materially, but formally. That is to say, sovereignty resides in the people, not because by the word *people* we understand a mere multitude of citizens, but inasmuch as this multitude is organized into a social body, a "*cœtus hominum jure sociatus*," as Cicero has it. On this point, M. Jannet justly remarks, "A nation is neither the universality nor the majority of adult individuals who exist at a given time in a country. A nation is a people organized into families, corporations, communes, provinces, united in conformity with traditional customs, and binding themselves with past and future generations."

In this manner a people can be the subject in which sovereignty resides when the political head or chief who ruled is wanting. Thus it happened in America after the war of independence. "In countries," continues M. Jannet, "where there is no hereditary dynasty, sovereignty resides, through that very fact, in the assembly of the heads of the different primordial agglomerations, organic members of the nation, who provide for the interests of the community, by uniting themselves according to the forms determined by custom." On the contrary, Liberalism understands by the people, the crowd, single individuals gathered together. In accordance with this conception, it forms its constitutions. For the accomplishment of anything, it is sufficient for Liberalism that a hundred ruffians, led on by any assassin, go shouting through the streets. That is the voice of the "sovereign people."

In the liberalesque constitutions there is nothing which bears a resemblance to the American Republic. In them, political omnipotence is vested in the Chamber of Deputies. The Senate only repeats the decisions of the Chamber, and the Prince gives them a nominal sanction. Through the ministerial responsibility, they (liberalesque constitutions) subject the executive power to themselves, and through this, the judiciary power also. In the American Constitution, on the contrary, the ministers are not responsible, and the President is quite free in the use of his powers. The Senate is more potent than the House of Representatives, and is eminently conservative in character. But neither the one nor the other

has any influence on the judiciary power. The latter can make the right of one individual prevail in the face of an unjust law. In short, everything is so established, that not force, nor the popular conceit, but justice holds empire. Historical, personal, domestic, and religious rights are regarded as absolutely inviolable, and that autocracy of the State, which forms the delight of the Liberals here, is an absurdity there.

In this manner the American republic has become the model of true liberty for the people, has flourished and prospered in the way of progress, until at this day it is second to no nation of the earth; and if there is aught in the United States which would make us apprehensive for the future, it requires no great amount of reasoning to trace the evil to the Liberalism which is making Europe the scene of so much confusion today.

A MEASURELESS ILL.

"For years, a measureless ill,
For years, forever, to part."—TENNYSON.

OLD JOHN RUSSELL and I were standing on the bridge. The afternoon was lovely, though it was a January afternoon; the air had all the softness of early spring. Faintly, yet distinctly over the silent hills and water came the strains of that saddest of sad airs, "*Ah, che la morte.*" It is a hackneyed song, and brassy-throated singers have torn its passion to tatters, and the brassy-throated band at the fort had often practiced on it as they did now, and yet, sounding in this bright glimpse of spring in wintry weather, it seemed like a wail for all the sorrow in the world.

I listened until old John spoke. And so you never heard of the Berryls? I thought everybody knew the Berryls for miles around. They do say that the first Esau Berryl was an awful Tory in the Revolutionary time, and that he called young George Washington "a disloyal viper" one day; but then he was an Englishman, and I don't blame him for sticking to his country, right or wrong. You don't like that? Well, young folks have their ideas and old folks have theirs, but in *my* time young folks used to follow the ideas of their elders, and it seems to me they got along well enough.

Old Esau Berryl died, and left one son, the second Esau. Young Jim Berryl, *his* son, was one of Moseby's men in the war, and Esau, who liked blue coats better than gray, swore that he was no true Berryl, and so Jim never came home. But it's of Arthur the elder that I want to talk.

Arthur was a fine fellow. One of your tall, broad-shouldered, deep-chested chaps—a real Southerner, you Yanks have nothing like it—with sharp gray eyes that could see through a bale of cotton, and a forest of brown hair on his face; yes, a regular forest, more fit for a savage than a Christian—not that Arthur Berryl was much of a Christian; but never mind that just now.

He went into the No'the'n army in '61, and came out three years later, a Colonel with no right hand. A cannon-ball had shattered it. This one of the Berryls hadn't much use for his right hand in the way of work. He had a house over there in Virginia, and some money that his mother had left him; and besides, everybody knows that old Esau is a mighty rich man. And the old fellow was swelled up with pride about his son, "the Colonel." I didn't

blame him, though I always was a "reb"—every man for his own way of thinking, *I* say—though it made me mad when I thought of my own poor boy who fought might and main with Moseby, and then came home to his poor old dad with not so much as a stripe on his sleeve, but *we* had neither money nor rank to throw away.

Ah, you don't see that up No'th this time of year. Yellow jessamine, I swear!

[My old friend rested both hands on his hickory stick, and paused to gaze at a negro who was passing. The negro's arms were full of bright yellow blossoms, though the sun was not yet warm enough to break the ice in the Potomac.]

Yes, the jessamine reminds of that day, for there was some of it growing near the grave. I don't boast much of education, *but* I have feelings, and education can't give a man feelings, can it? and that jessamine makes me feel downhearted.

And as Arthur Berryl had nothing to do, for a man with no right hand can do precious little, he went the way of all young men, and fell in love.

She *was* pretty, I tell you. Our nig, Julius—at least, he was ours before you Yanks took him—was courting her mother's Sue, and so we found out all the particulars.

Her name was Annie Desmond. Her mother was a widow with some little property. They lived over there, not far from the canal.

It was just after we were converted, my wife and I. Poor Rob, my son, would have died in prison up No'th, if the Sisters of Charity, Heaven bless 'em! had not taken his mother's place, and so when he came home, he made his mother and me believe there must be something in a religion that could turn out such women. We weren't much on religion; she was a hard-shell Baptist when she was young; I was a sort of Episcopalian, and when Rob grew up, he just believed in Moseby.

Well, one fine day we three knelt at the altar-rails in Trinity Church, and we've thanked God ever since.

And so that was the way we first saw Annie Desmond. She was at Mass every Sunday. Pretty was no word for her. She wasn't tall, and she wasn't short; but when she walked up the aisle, you felt that there was a lady coming, her step was so light and firm. I'm no hand at describing looks. I only know that her face was bright and sweet, that it was gay sometimes, and reverent sometimes; but I never saw it sad until I saw it in despair.

Her cheeks were prettier than the color of my pink oleanders, and her eyes were dark, and blue, and clear. One day, when her hat blew off on the church steps, her hair seemed a regular shower of brown and gold threads. I never spoke to her, neither did my wife; but if she had been our own daughter we could n't have taken more interest in her.

Colonel Berryl was passing along the street that day when her hat blew away. He caught it in his one hand, and gave it to her with a low bow. I saw their eyes meet. Ah, I know the signs; I've been young, and I told mother that I wished it was Rob, instead of Arthur Berryl. And I doubly wish it had been now!

Colonel Berryl was in love, and Annie Desmond was the girl. The Berryls brag of their family, you know. We think a great deal of family down here. I know some people around here who wouldn't be anything if it wasn't for their families, but these Desmonds though they hadn't any family in particular. Mrs. Desmond, it is true, did say something about being descended from the kings of Ireland; but then that doesn't count for much down here; it's not like being descended from a Washington, a Carroll, or a Lee, and when I mention those names, I think of Russell, for we are an old family, I assure you, though we have worked hard in our time.

Mrs. Desmond was mighty glad to have Arthur Berryl come to her house, folks said. Annie liked him from the first; but I think her mother must have favored him, and made courtship easy for the young couple.

Esau objected to Annie. There were plenty of pretty girls around the District and Virginia—girls of good family and all manner of creeds. He didn't see why a Berryl should marry a Catholic.

Arthur said: "Don't you mind her religion. She's been bred in it, but she's only a girl, and after awhile she'll believe just as little as either of us. I love her, and I'll do anything to please her now, and, by and by, she'll do anything to please me."

Esau didn't keep up his opposition long; he believed that Arthur had the wisest head of the family.

Esau did not believe much. He was of the school of Jefferson and Tom Paine; his son swore by Huxley and Tyndall. The old man held that there was a Supreme Being; the young man was not certain whether he believed there was or not.

Old Esau disliked all forms of Christianity, but, quite naturally, he hated Catholicity more than all.

He said to Arthur, "If this girl becomes your wife, you may let her go to her Popish practices, if you choose; but if there are any children, and you let a priest come near them, or have any superstitious mummery over them, I'll leave every cent I own, and every acre of land, to Jim. So help me —." And he swore by a Name in which he did not believe.

Arthur laughed lightly. The Berryl acres were dear to his heart.

"Trust me," he said to his father.

One afternoon, just at sundown, I saw Arthur Berryl and Annie Desmond getting out of a boat, after a row down the Potomac. How tenderly he helped her on shore, how proud and spirited he looked as he gave her his arm! And she looked up to him with such a light in her pretty eyes! My old heart was moved. It was a pretty sight. But the storm in the western sky made a very ugly background.

"It's all fixed," I told my wife when I went home. And, after a while, Julius came in, and told mother all that Sue said. Yes, it was all fixed.

Arthur promised Mrs. Desmond all she wanted. Bless you, he was ready to promise anything. He couldn't help it when he thought of Annie. He was too deep in love to mind what he said.

They would be married by a priest. The children should be baptized, and sent to school wherever Annie pleased, and, in time,—who knows? —he might become a Catholic.

At the last moment, it seems, Mrs. Desmond's heart misgave her. She consulted one of the Jesuits at the College, and then she cried all night; but she, like a woman, dried her tears when the marriage took place in her little parlor, and at the wedding reception in the Berryl mansion, she leant on old Esau's arm as smiling as a darkey in Christmas time.

Time passed. Young Mrs. Berryl was liked by everybody. There wasn't a night that Arthur did not have her at some sor-ee or other among the bong tong of Washington, as the papers say. He was very proud of her, and once or twice we saw him at eleven o'clock mass with her.

"All went merry as a marriage-bell." That's out of Byron. You young folks don't read him or Moore nowadays. Perhaps it's for the best.

One day old Esau actually laughed. A little grandson had come into the world. He was a pretty baby, Sue said, like his mother, but he was quiet and still, and he never cried at all. All the life in him seemed to be in his pretty blue eyes.

Mrs. Desmond wanted to have him baptized at once.

This made old Esau swear. He wouldn't hear of it.

Arthur sided with his father.

Mrs. Desmond looked at the child again. She entreated Arthur to send for a priest.

"Never shall a priest enter these doors, ma'am," roared old Esau.

Mrs. Desmond appealed to Arthur. He said, "My father and you must settle this."

She reminded him of his promise. He only smiled. She was a hot-tempered woman, and she let her tongue have full swing. Then she left the house.

Days counted into three weeks. The child still lived, and moved a little, and cried a little. Sue said he wouldn't live; he was just like a snowflake.

Every day Mrs. Desmond visited her daughter. Every day the dispute about the child's baptism was renewed. Old Esau stood stiff; and, in this, Arthur was too much afraid of his father to yield to the pleadings of his wife.

Poor girl! Black Sue said it made her cry to see her young mistress's white, anxious face.

Mrs. Desmond made her usual visit, and looked at the baby. Sue said that Annie was lying back in an armchair, but she opened her eyes and watched her mother as if her life depended on it. Esau dropped his newspaper and watched her.

She saw something in her mother's face that frightened her.

Mrs. Desmond stood near the toilet-table with the child in her arms. Sue was in the doorway. She had left a pitcher of water on the table, and was going out, when Annie's voice, like the moan of the wind, made her turn.

"*He is dying!*"

They called the baby by no name yet.

The young wife knelt at her husband's feet, and clasped his knees.

"Have mercy, Arthur," she said.

Her face turned as white as a dead woman's at the look in his face. She fell back with a dull thud.

Esau, Arthur, and Sue, went to her instantly.

Mrs. Desmond stood alone with the child near the toilet-table. The others had their backs to her. Whether she baptized the child or not, or whether he was already dead when she took him in her arms, she never told.

When Annie recovered her senses, the baby lay cold and still—dead.

The funeral was a grand one for such a little thing. It was a cold, damp day, but my wife and I went with the rest over to the Episcopal Cemetery, where the Berryls have a family vault.

Annie stood near the grave. I could not see her face for her thick black veil, but I could hear her sobs.

Mrs. Desmond stood next to her, stern and severe. On the other side was Arthur, as stern, but seeming like a man in pain. Esau wasn't there.

They waited at the grave until nearly everybody had gone. My wife and I drew off a short distance and waited too. Women are so curious.

"*Come*," said Mrs. Desmond, sternly, and she took her daughter's arm.

Annie raised her veil. Her face seemed frozen into despair. My wife almost screamed at sight of it. Annie gave her hand to Arthur. He took it in his.

"Good-by," she whispered.

"Good-by," he said, turning away.

And so they parted.

John Russell looked thoughtfully down at the water, and a cold breath of east wind blew through his iron-gray whiskers, telling us that our glimpse of spring was past. The sky was gray with evening. A spray of jessamine, crushed and broken, lay at my feet. The band at Fort Whipple again began the music. This time it was a merry chanson from the *Grand Duchesse;* but the words it suggested chimed in with my mood and the sadness around me.

"De n'avoir plus jamais sur terre,
Un moment de felicité."

CHANGED.

THE music of Spring's in the grove, Will;
The flowers are out in the dell;
And the pioneer bee exults, lad,
O'er the gleam of the cowslip's bell.
Far down by the murmuring brook, there,
The pure shining daffodils blow;
But the golden dreams are away, lad,
That were mine in that Spring long ago!

There is balm in the morning breeze, Will;
There is song in the morning skies;
And the rosy sunbeams kiss, lad,
The dew from the violets' eyes.
Far down in the depths of the pine-wood,
In the twilight the blackbirds sing;
But never the joy can they bring, lad,
That they gave in that golden Spring!

There are frisking lambs in the meads, Will;
There are bees on the bending flowers;
And the wild-dove coos to his mate, lad,
'Mid the hush of the evening hours.
The lily dreams over the fount, Will,
And the sunbeam sleeps on the sea;
But the songs and the flowers of yore, lad,
Shall never come back to me!

There's a shadow across my path, Will,
In the midst of the gleam of Spring;
And the piping thrush on the thorn, lad,
Sings not as it used to sing.
And the lustre has gone from the stars, Will,
While they seem far away and cold;
They are not the same stars that looked down, lad,
Through those glorious nights of old!

There's a grave far down in the vale, Will,
By the side of the churchyard wall;
There often I sit all alone, lad,
Till the dews in the twilight fall;
And I gaze on the violets sweet, Will,
That watch her with tender eyes;
And I mingle my tears with the dews, lad,
As they fall from the far-off skies!

Here are the flowers she gave me, Will—
"Just withered violets," you say;
But I'll ever keep fresh in my heart, lad,
That face who has passed away!
And when in that Garden we meet, Will,
Where the violets always blow,
She'll smile as I give her the flowers, lad,
That I got from her long ago!

DIAMOND OR GLASS.

AN ARGUMENT ON THE REAL PRESENCE OF CHRIST IN THE EUCHARIST, ADDRESSED TO SINCERE PROTESTANTS.

I.

INTRODUCTION.

THREE hundred years ago a great number of Christians in various countries separated themselves from the Catholic Church, and founded new religious communions, such as that of the Confession of Augsburg, the Reformed Church, the Anglican, etc. From this separation there then resulted a long and bloody war, whereby Germany was for thirty years laid waste, and reduced to the greatest misery. At length a peace was concluded in the year 1648, and it was agreed that Catholics, the Reformed Protestants, and those of the Confession of Augsburg, should enjoy equal privileges. During the two hundred years that have intervened, the relations between Catholics and Protestants have been but little altered until quite recently ; most of the countries and districts have kept to the religion to which they belonged in 1648. It is true, even to this very day, individuals have here and there changed their religion ; now a number of Catholics becoming Protestants, and then again a number of Protestants joining the Catholic Church. Only lately (1854) several hundreds of the most learned men in England, chiefly Protestant ecclesiastics, became Catholics. On the other hand, the Catholic village of Mühlhausen, in Baden, partially went over to Protestantism a few years ago. And even now many so-called pious Protestants take no small pains to induce Catholics to apostatize. They turn their attention more especially to people of the lower orders whose religion has not been sufficiently strengthened by instruction, and put tracts into their hands in which the Catholic Church is misrepresented and denounced. The greatest zeal has been displayed in this matter by a certain Mariott, of Basle, and in the United States by the New York Tract Society, the Young Men's Christian Association, and other societies, doubtless with the idea that they are doing God's work. Yet it is obvious that even from the standpoint of Protestantism, he who desires to make converts and extend the kingdom of God, should go to the heathens who know nothing of God, or to the Jews who do not believe in Christ, or to the unbelieving sinners of his own confession of faith. To convert these would be a more necessary and meritorious work than that of laying traps for Catholics. Not that it is a matter of little consequence whether we are Catholics or Protestants ; for the gulf between these two confessions of faith is far wider than is generally supposed. And however harsh and intolerant it may seem to many to state it, it is the fact that the intrigues and efforts of the Protestants already alluded to render it necessary to expose this gulf to view in order that the Catholics whom they are anxious to pervert, may know how and where they stand. Instead of speaking of the difference between this or that doctrine, regarded from a Catholic or Protestant point of view, it is my intention to consider the soul, life, heart, innermost being, and most sacred secrets of the Christian religion, and to place before the reader the Holy Eucharist.

We must not seek, with a show of good-humored liberality, but of real indifference to truth, to slightly pass this by. Here stands a mountain

high as heaven, or a valley deep as hell! The doctrine of the Catholic Church on this point is as follows: In the Holy Eucharist there is present, in a hidden and supernatural way, our Saviour, Jesus Christ, his flesh and blood, body and soul, divinity and humanity—not his sensible form only, but his real and true soul and body—as perfect as when he hung upon the cross. Most Protestants, on the other hand, affirm that the bread and wine in the Eucharist only *represents* the body and blood of our Lord, somewhat after the manner in which a wooden crucifix may be said to be a reminiscence of the crucified Saviour. Other Protestants, again, explain the matter in other ways. Now the question at issue is this: If the Catholic Church err in its doctrine of the Eucharist, and if Jesus Christ be not really present in it, then Catholics pray to an empty host as their Saviour and God; then are all Catholics idolaters, and for that reason further removed from Christianity than Jews and Turks; and every Catholic could then do nothing better than turn Protestant. If, however, the Catholic Church teach what is right and true, and Protestants are in the wrong in regard to the Eucharist, then is the living Christ wanting among Protestants; they have then dispensed with, abandoned, and lost that most Holy Sacrament—the source of grace and truth; they have been made orphans and deprived of their shepherd; their "Lord's Supper" is a painted fire that warms not—a mere picture in which there is no life.

It is in the Catholic Church alone that there is any practical faith in the Eucharist. Hence the Protestant, as soon as he knows that the belief of the Catholic Church is right, must return to her if he wishes to secure his eternal salvation.

The following is, therefore, a great and momentous question for Protestants, as well as Catholics: What is the Eucharist, and where may it really be found? He who has been fully and firmly convinced on this point will then know which is the true Church founded by Christ. This is what we are now about to examine into. Every reader, be he Protestant or Catholic, should lay aside all his prejudices, and carefully and honestly consider, in the presence of God, what I shall lay before him, and honor the truth by deciding in its favor.

II.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER OF JOHN.

In this chapter it is related how Christ fed several thousand people—as many, in fact, as would constitute the inhabitants of a town—with a few loaves of bread, and that twelve baskets full remained over and above. He caused the bread, while it was being distributed by the Apostles, to increase in their hands. Thus Jesus, by providing food for the body in such a miraculous way, has placed it within our comprehension that he can also provide food for the soul miraculously, and that through the hands of the Apostles and their successors.

On the evening on which the disciples were sailing over the sea, they saw him walking upon the waters of the deep in a violent storm. He approached and got on board. In this Jesus showed that the tempest, that, in fact, the laws of nature generally, could have no power over his body (as they have and would then have had over ours) should he think fit to pass beyond the order of nature.

On the following day, when the Jews, out of curiosity, had again crowded round him, in order to be again fed in such a marvellous way, Jesus spoke words which neither the Jews nor the disciples could understand, but which were a prophecy and promise of that which came to pass a year afterwards. Jesus said, verses 51 and 52: "I am the living bread which came down from heaven (52). If any man eat of this

bread, he shall live forever; and the bread that I will give is my flesh for the life of the world." Now search the world over for something which is bread, which lives, which comes from heaven; which is also flesh, which is at the same time a human and divine person (viz., the crucified Saviour, Jesus Christ himself), and which, in fine, must be eaten in order that we may receive a special life in which others have no share. The Protestant knows nothing of such mysterious bread; hence he invents artificial interpretations of these words of the Saviour—forcing into them a meaning which they do not possess. On the other hand, there is in the Catholic Church something which is believed and honored, and with which all the words quoted above are in keeping, viz., the consecrated host. Our senses tell us that it is bread; our faith proclaims it to be flesh. It is, in fact, the body of Jesus Christ himself who came down from heaven, and suffered upon the cross; it is therefore living, and nourishes the higher life of the soul. Now, if the Protestant doctrine of the Lord's Supper be true, then the words of Jesus, as uttered by him, are meaningless. But if the doctrine of the Catholic Church is true, then is Jesus Christ the living bread which came down from heaven, and that bread is the body and blood which he offered as a sacrifice upon the cross. Which will you believe?

These words of the Lord could not, of course, be understood by the Jews at the time when they were uttered; but they might have had some such thoughts as these: "He who has wrought such great miracles as we have witnessed, has been sent by God, and certainly speaks the truth; we will, therefore, believe his words, even though we do not comprehend them, and are willing to wait until he speaks clearly about the matter." But miserable human nature is full of pride; it will not submit to the revealed word, unless the latter appeal to its understanding. The Jews made little of our Lord's miracles, and mocked at his words as though they were something eccentric and senseless. The Holy Scriptures say, verse 53: "The Jews, therefore, strove among themselves, saying, How can this man give us his flesh to eat?"

What will Jesus do after such a hateful reception as this? He will declare more definitely how his words are to be taken. Had he meant them as Protestants understand them, he would have said: "Be not so foolish as to think of eating my flesh. I am only about to institute a supper whereat bread is eaten, and I am commemorated." If, however, the Saviour had meant his words to be taken in the sense in which Catholics understand them, he must have spoken precisely as he really did speak in the following verses:

54: "Then Jesus said to them, Amen, amen, I say unto you, except you eat the flesh of the Son of man, and drink his blood, you shall not have life in you." 56. "For my flesh is meat indeed, and my blood is drink indeed." Which will you believe? And now there came a schism. Such people as relied more upon their own judgments than upon the incomprehensible words of the Saviour, said: "This saying is hard, and who can hear it?" Whereupon Jesus said something else quite as unheard of and incomprehensible to them, and which occurred on the forty-third day after the institution of the Blessed Eucharist. He said: 62. "Doth this scandalize you? If then you shall see the Son of man ascend where he was before?" He meant: "As surely as I shall ascend visibly into heaven with my body, although to human reason it seems an impossibility, so sure is it that my flesh is food for creatures. And just as the ascension is a great miracle, so also is my descension into the Holy Eucharist." The body of our Lord in the Eucharist is certainly

not a sensible body, that has a form, nature, and bulk like ours, but it is constituted like bodies after the resurrection, which the Apostle Paul, 1 Cor. 15, calls incorruptible, noble, powerful, spiritual, and heavenly. Hence our Lord said, 64: "It is the spirit that quickeneth; the flesh profiteth nothing. The words that I have spoken to you are spirit and life." These words signify: If we eat earthly flesh, the same is taken from a body from which life has been expelled; we, therefore, eat flesh without life or spirit—dead flesh. But the flesh that I will give unto you is saturated with spirit and life; it is living and possessed of a soul, and is efficacious only through the life that is in it.

It is possible our Saviour may have said several other things on this occasion which are not recorded in holy writ. It is, however, quite certain that the disciples did not find his declaration more endurable or more comprehensible; for many looked upon his speech as so inconsistent, that they went back after this and walked no more with him. But Jesus is the shepherd that goes after his lost sheep. If, then, his words were not to be understood as referring to the real eating of his body, he would not have allowed these to fall away through a misunderstanding: the few words necessary to explain to the dubious disciples that his words were only a figure, and were to be taken as merely symbolical, were not too much for our Saviour. Instead, however, of calling them back and explaining the matter to them in another and more softened form, Jesus said to the Twelve: "Will you also go away?" Whereupon Simon Peter gave the beautiful answer: "Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life. And we have believed and have known that thou art the Christ, the Son of God."

The Jews and many of the disciples believed not the words of the Saviour because they could not understand them. The apostles, on the other hand, could also not comprehend them, but believed them notwithstanding, because they acknowledged him to be the Son of God.

Whom do Protestants resemble, who find the words of Jesus too hard, and therefore ascribe a different meaning to them; and to whom is the Catholic Church like, which holds fast to the saying of the Lord: "My flesh is meat indeed?"

Will you stay with the Jews, and disciples, and Protestants, who find the saying of the Lord hard, or will you hold fast to St. Peter and the Catholic Church, who really believe and maintain what our Lord has said and taught?

III.

THE INSTITUTION OF THE BLESSED EUCHARIST.

THE three first Evangelists tell precisely the same story. I will here quote their own words, and I beg the reader to peruse them as if they were something quite new and now brought under his notice for the first time. These words are to be found in Matthew 26: 26; Mark 14: 22; Luke 22: 19. "And whilst they were at supper, Jesus took bread, and blessed, and broke, and gave to his disciples, and said: Take ye and eat; this is my body which is given for you. This do for a commemoration of me. And, taking the chalice, he gave thanks and gave to them, saying: Drink ye all of this, for this is my blood of the New Testament which shall be shed for many unto the remission of sins." If now you also had been present at that supper, how would you have understood this? You would have understood it just according to your own real character. The more worldly and proud you were, the less literally would you have believed the words of the Saviour. Your eyes tell you that this is bread and wine. Christ

says: "This is my body and blood." If you do not wish to make your Lord a liar, and yet still persist in believing your senses rather than him, it stands to reason that you must invent kinds of significations, as if the words of our Lord were not meant literally, although all three Evangelists relate the same thing, without the slightest intimation that our Lord's words were to be taken figuratively. If, on the other hand, you have a truly pious and upright disposition, you will not attach artificial meanings to the words of our Lord. He himself has pointed out the way in which his words should be accepted and interpreted. In Luke 18: 17 he says: "Amen, I say to you: whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a child, shall not enter into it." But what our Lord says of the blessed Eucharist, and what takes place at the same moment and *is*, belongs to the most important matter in God's kingdom. Now how would a child interpret the words of our Lord: "THIS IS MY BODY?" Would the child explain them in all kinds of ways, like Luther, Calvin, Carlstadt, and Zwingli, or would it take them in their plain and literal sense as our Lord spoke them, viz., that under the appearance of bread there is present in a miraculous way the true body of Christ? The child would accept and believe the words of our Lord literally, just as the Catholic Church accepts and believes them in their literal sense. And the Catholic Church accepts and believes our Lord's words in a childlike manner. He, however, who, after the fashion of Protestants, speaks of bare meanings and artificial explanations, does not receive the word of God "as a child." It is a remarkable fact, too, that our Saviour in holy writ never once blames any one for having too great or too exaggerated a faith, although he is continually complaining that there is too little of it. He blames Nicodemus for regarding the second birth by baptism and the Holy Ghost as impossible. He blamed the disciples for not wishing to understand and believe what he said to them of his own resurrection. On the other hand, he always expressed his satisfaction whenever any one evinced an unusually strong faith; as, for example, in the case of the woman who was troubled with an issue of blood, and who believed that she could be cured by touching his garment; and in that of the centurion who said: "Lord, I am not worthy that thou shouldst enter under my roof; only say the word and thy servant shall be healed." Now our Saviour has given the most positive assurance that that, which in the Blessed Eucharist has the form of bread, is his body, and that his body is meat indeed. This is the belief of the Catholic Church. The Protestant, however, does not allow the words of the Lord to have their proper force, but disputes them away, as it were, by twisting and turning them, and inventing meanings for them.

Let us, however, suppose that we Catholics have erred, and that the Blessed Eucharist is not the true body and blood of Christ: how will it be when they come before their Judge, for we too shall have to give an account of our faith? Our Saviour could not blame Catholics for being in error. But Catholics could reproach our Lord and say: "Lord, thou hast commanded us to believe thy words, and we have done so; if we have erred, the fault is thine. Thou hast in thy omniscience foreknown that millions and millions of Catholics would place faith in thy assurance that thou thyself art present with thy soul and body, under the form of the consecrated bread, and that they would for that very reason worship the host. Why didst thou not make use of different words? Why didst thou not say: This *represents* my body? If it were

not thy body, thou thyself art to blame that so many millions of Catholics worship an empty host, a particle of bread—that they have become idolaters." Hence Erasmus, of Rotterdam, said with truth: "I have never yet been able to persuade myself that Christ, who is truth and love, could have allowed his beloved Church to remain so long in such a hideous error as that of worshipping a morsel of bread as if it were himself."

If, on the other hand, Protestants are in the wrong with their explanation they have no possible excuse should our Lord reproach them thus: "Why did you not believe my words, 'This *is* my body?' Who told you to attach a different meaning to them from that which they have? Not even does a sparrow fall from the house-top without the knowledge and will of God. You might have concluded also that no word would fall from my lips at the important moment when I instituted the Holy Eucharist, which had not been well weighed and considered." Hence the Catholic alone is in the right path.

IV.

THE APOSTLE PAUL.

Of all the apostles the greater part of Protestants think most of St. Paul, because they find in his epistles the most passages that seem to bear out their one-sided and false assertion that mankind will be justified through *faith alone*. If now we do not compare the numerous other passages of Holy Writ, which speak of the necessity of charity and good works, with those of St. Paul; and if we are not aware that the Apostle Paul merely referred to the Mosaic dispensation and external justification as distinct from an upright spirit, then we may certainly fall into this error; just as St. Peter, in his second epistle, 3: 16, says that in the epistles of St. Paul there are certain things hard to be understood, which the unlearned and unstable wrest to their own destruction. This by the way.

Now the Apostle Paul was not present at the institution of the Blessed Eucharist, because he did not then believe in Christ, and was a violent enemy of Christianity. That which he knew and learned after his conversion respecting the Holy Eucharist, he could only have ascertained either through the other apostles or through a special revelation from above. And in point of fact Paul did receive a special revelation respecting the Holy Eucharist. But if God himself deemed it necessary to reveal miraculously something to a creature, this revelation would surely be so accurate that no fresh misunderstanding could spring from it. And had the apostles not properly understood our Lord at the Last Supper, he would certainly have rectified the misunderstanding on the occasion of this fresh revelation which the Apostle Paul had respecting it.

Hence the words of the Apostle Paul about the Blessed Eucharist are very important. I will quote them. They occur in the first epistle to the Corinthians, chap. 11, verses 23–29: "For I have received of the Lord that which also I delivered to you, that the Lord Jesus the same night in which he was betrayed took bread, and giving thanks broke and said; Take ye and eat; this is my body which shall be delivered for you; this do for the commemoration of me. In like manner also the chalice, after he had supped, saying: This chalice is the new testament in my blood; this do ye, as often as ye shall drink for a commemoration of me. For as often as you shall eat this bread and drink the chalice, you shall show the death of the Lord until he come. Therefore whosoever shall eat this bread and drink the chalice of the Lord unworthily, shall be guilty of the body and of the blood of the Lord. But let a man prove himself; and so let him eat

of that bread and drink of the chalice. For he that eateth and drinketh unworthily, eateth and drinketh judgment to himself, not discerning the body of the Lord." Hence, not even here is there one word about "*representing*," but only about "*real presence*." But there is another circumstance that makes these words of the Apostle Paul particularly remarkable. He warns the Corinthians against receiving the Eucharist unprepared, lest they be guilty of the body and blood of the Lord. If, however, we consider when and where the apostle wrote this warning, we shall find that he did not write the epistle till several years after our Saviour ascended into heaven; and he wrote the epistle to the Christians of Corinth. But Corinth is a town in Greece, in Europe, hence in quite a different part of the world to that in which the Saviour lived; for our Saviour was from Judea, in Asia. Now I ask, how could the Corinthians have been "guilty of a body" which was in another division of the globe, and which had been taken up to heaven many years before? There is either no sense or reason in all this, or the body and blood of the Lord must be really present in the Eucharist—at all times and in all places, wherever it is honored in the prescribed manner. If, then, you believe that the Apostle Paul did not write nonsense, you must also believe that the body of the Lord is really and truly present in the Eucharist under the appearance of bread. This is the belief and teaching of the Catholic Church. Hence she "*discerns*" in the host the true "body of the Lord" as distinct from common bread. And all those who, in opposition to the Catholic Church, regard the Eucharist merely as a commemoration do *not* "discern the body of the Lord."

You see from what has been already said that there is hardly *any truth of faith* which has such clear and definite proofs to support it as the Catholic doctrine of the Holy Eucharist.

V.

EARLY CHRISTIAN INTERPRETATION.

WERE you to search among all the Christians that have lived from the beginning of Christianity up to the present time for instruction as to the true interpretation of the Sacred Scriptures respecting the Holy Eucharist, where would you count upon obtaining the surest and most credible explanation? This is not difficult to find. Next to the apostles, the Fathers of the Church must be best able to give the information which was given by the apostles themselves or their disciples, especially the Fathers of the first centuries. Many of their writings have perished in the lapse of ages. There are, however, enough of them still extant to enable one to see that they believed and taught the very same thing respecting transubstantiation that the Catholic Church now believes and teaches, and has always believed and taught.

a. St. Ignatius had seen our Lord after his resurrection, had been instructed by the apostles, and was consecrated bishop in the same manner as Timothy and Titus. There are still extant a few of the letters which he wrote to various Christian churches. In his pastoral to the Church of Smyrna, he speaks of erroneous doctrines which ought to have been avoided, because they did not admit the Holy Eucharist to be the flesh of our Redeemer Jesus Christ, or that it was the same as that which suffered for our sins, and rose again. He expresses himself in similar terms in his epistle to the Romans and to the Christians of ancient Philadelphia.

b. Justin the Martyr, born one hundred years after the birth of Christ, was at first a heathen philosopher, and afterwards became a Christian. He wrote an Apology, in

order to induce the Emperor Antoninus not to persecute the Christians. He says of the Holy Eucharist (*Apologia*, I, c. 66): "We are taught that the food blessed by his word is the flesh and blood of this flesh-made Jesus." Justin shows above all in this work that the Christians of that time were quite as fully convinced that the Holy Eucharist is the body and blood of Jesus as that he was the Son of God, and had become man.

c. Irenæus, subsequently Bishop of Lyons, associated with and was instructed by a disciple of the Apostle John, viz., St. Polycarp; he was, at the same time, thoroughly well-grounded in worldly knowledge. This saint says, in his work against heretics (5 B, 2 C), "Just as the wood of the vine planted in the earth bears fruit in due season, and just as the grain of corn which has fallen to the earth springs up manifold, through the Spirit which permeates everything, but which afterwards, through the wisdom of God goes for man's use (as bread), and (if the word of God be added) becomes the Eucharist, which is the body and blood of Christ, so also are our bodies fed by him, and laid in the earth, and are decomposed, and will in their time rise up at the bidding of God, which endows them with the power of rising again to the glory of God the Father."

d. Clement was, in the second century after Christ, rector of a kind of Christian University in Alexandria, the so-called School of the Catechumens. He was an extraordinarily learned and acute man, and had once been a heathen. He writes in his book, *The Pedagogue* (1, 1, c. 6): "The Logos (Christ) is everything to the child, father and mother, and instructor and nurse. Eat, she says, my flesh, and drink my blood. O what an incomprehensible secret!"

e. Dionysius, who was, some sixty years later, bishop of this same Alexandria, wrote a letter to the Bishop of Pentapolis, in which he says that women who find themselves in a certain condition, *should not touch the body and blood of the Lord* during that time; that the women troubled with an issue of blood had *merely touched the hem of his garment.* That to pray to and meditate upon the Lord was proper for all conditions, but that to approach the Most Holy was ineligible to those who were not perfectly pure in soul and body.

f. Cyril was Bishop of Jerusalem three hundred years after Christ. He says, in his *Catechetical Instructions*, which he composed in order to instruct Catholics in their religion: "Bread and wine were, before the appeal to the Holy Trinity, only bread and wine; after the appeal, the bread becomes the body of Christ, and the wine his blood." And in the Catechism, 22, he says: "The body (of Christ) is given in the form of bread, and the blood in the form of wine, in order that thou mayst become, after having partaken of it, *his body and blood relation*, for we are thus made bearers of Christ, as his body and blood is infused into our members; hence we become, according to St. Peter, participators in his divine nature."

St. Augustine mentions (Hom. 26) that great care should be taken while distributing the body of Christ, that no portion of it fall to the ground. If a Catholic take holy water, he considers it no want of respect if any drops of it fall to the ground, but a sacrilege if any particle of the host should be let fall. Hence the Eucharist must be regarded as something very different from mere blessed bread, since so much anxiety is shown lest any should fall.

In this way we might fill a whole volume with the opinions of the oldest Fathers of the Church, in which they unanimously declare that in the Holy Eucharist the body of Jesus crucified and risen again is really present. They ascribe to the Holy Eucharist such effects as are only possible if

Christ be really present in it. They say: "It forgives sins, enlightens the spirit, increases faith, communicates a higher life, sanctifies soul and body, protects against internal and external enemies, strengthens against all temptations, and prepares our bodies in a mysterious way for a glorious resurrection."

And what is there more worthy of veneration than the oldest councils of the Church, in which several hundred bishops came together from all parts of the world, wherever Christianity existed, in order to inquire and examine into any doubt as to the truth, antiquity, or apostolicity of a doctrine? If the promise of Christ to send the Holy Ghost to and remain with his Church, lest the gates of hell should prevail against her, meant anything, this must be doubly true of such councils of the Church.

Now the first General Council of the Church, that of Nicæa, A.D. 325, was regarded, even by Luther and Calvin, as regular. But what does it say of the Holy Eucharist? (Concl. Nic. I.) It issues this decree: "We must elevate our spirit by faith, and acknowledge that upon that holy table lies the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world, and is offered in an unbloody manner by the priests. And when we actually receive his precious body and blood, we must believe that it is the pledge of our resurrection."

The second General Council of Nicæa expresses itself in equally definite terms, as also the still more ancient Council of Ephesus. But if you will not believe these venerable guides of the earliest Christians, where then is Christian truth to be found? Can you obtain more reliable information respecting it from Luther, of Saxony, or Zwingli, of Switzerland? That, however, the early Christians knew and had no other belief than that after the consecration the bread becomes the true body of Christ, may be gathered from the oldest forms of prayer which were ordered to be used in their service, and are still extant—I refer to the religious ceremonial regulations, which are so ancient that they were called after the Apostles, because it was generally believed that they were composed by the Apostles themselves; they are called *Liturgies*. In the liturgy of St. James, God is thus addressed: "Send thy Holy Spirit over us, and thy offerings, in order that he may change this bread into the sacred body of Christ, through his holy, beneficent and glorious presence. Amen. And this chalice into the precious blood of Christ. Amen." In the liturgy of St. Mark a similar prayer is made; and after the consecration the people prostrate themselves upon the ground, and the priest recites the creed: "I believe, believe and confess to the last breath of my life, that *this* is the living body of thy only Son, our Lord, God, and Redeemer, Jesus Christ, which he took from the Holy and Blessed Mary, and united with his Godhead, without confusion, intermixture, or change."

Even among the religious parties which in the early times—more than a thousand years before the Reformation—had separated themselves from the Catholic Church, their ceremonial regulations prove that they always believed in the true and real presence of Christ in the Holy Eucharist. In the Liturgy of the Nestorians, who separated themselves from the Church of Christ in the year A. D. 431, it says: "We will approach with fear and reverence the secret of the body and precious blood of our Redeemer." And in a kind of Nestorian Breviary occur these words: "The Cherubim stand in awe before thee; the Seraphim cannot withstand thy gaze; and we, we see thee daily upon the altar; we partake of thy body and thy precious blood. The body of Jesus Christ and his precious blood are upon the altar; let us approach it with fear

and love, and say with the angels: Holy, holy, holy is the Lord God." Nay, even the famous Hugo Grotius himself, a very learned Protestant, writes thus: "In all the Greek, Latin, Arabic, Syriac, and other liturgies, I find prayers to God that he would be pleased to bless the offerings through his Holy Spirit, and change them into the body and blood of his Son. Hence such an ancient and universal custom, which must have come down from the earliest times, ought not to have been changed." (*Vide* his Polemic against the Calvinist preacher, Rivet.)

Because the Christians thus held fast to the belief that they partook of flesh and blood in the Eucharist, we can easily understand how the heathens came to hit upon the following most extraordinary calumny. It was a common saying of theirs, that when the Christians held their religious gatherings a child (a boy) was butchered, and that the adults ate his flesh with bread dipped in his blood. This was sometimes an excuse of which the Pagan rulers availed themselves to criminate the Christians. That this was a pure calumny is now well and universally known; but even this calumny had manifestly a certain amount of truth in it. The Jews and heathens would not have fallen upon the strange idea that Christians slaughtered and ate children, if they had not heard that the flesh and blood of the Son of Man was partaken of by Christians in the Eucharist. But neither Jews nor Pagans could understand this; more particularly as it was a rule amongst Christians to say nothing about the sacraments to those who had not already been thoroughly instructed in the faith and in the salient truths of Christianity. Hence they concluded that this eating was in a natural way, and that a child was killed for the purpose.

Thus we have, independently of the Holy Scriptures, the most ancient and reliable proofs that, in the beginning of Christianity, the perpetual, true, and real presence of Christ in the Holy Eucharist was taught, believed, and faithfully adhered to.

(To be concluded in our next.)

SLIPS OF THE PRESS.

THE ears of the sharpest reporters at times play them false; type, like other matter, will get in the wrong place, and consequent errors escape the most lynx-eyed of "readers." The results may be annoying to the writer, provoking to the orator, and puzzling to the peruser, but are none the less amusing for all that.

The omission of a single letter is sufficient to completely alter the meaning of a sentence, and convert a very ordinary piece of news into an altogether incredible statement. Houdin himself could hardly have managed to steal "a small ox" out of a lady's reticule, and hide it in his waistcoat-pocket; and the greatest of gormandizers was never credited with having "eaten a cabman;" yet, according to newspaper reports, men have been found guilty of both offences. A like initial mishap led to the world being informed that the Russians had defeated certain Polish insurgents "with great laughter;" and by the cutting off of a final letter, a great party-leader was made to defy his opponents with the extraordinary announcement: "You cannot fight against the future; *Tim* is on our side!" An American journal once gave a grave account of a river mis-

adventure, wherein a steamer nearly came to grief through running against a rat—explaining in its next issue that it should have said "raft;" and a Southern editor had to apologize for calling Mobile the fourth coffee-pot, instead of the fourth coffee-port, in the States. Only the other day, we saw an essay on *The Long Reigns of English Sovereigns* alluded to as "a disquisition upon the long reins of English sovereigns;" an absurd blunder, indeed, but not quite so bad as that in a bookseller's catalogue, which made "the *immoral* works of the poet Milton" figure among his stock-in-trade; or the exactly similar misprint in the poets' corner of an Oxford newspaper, making some elegiac verses end:

> Death is past, and all its sorrows
> Swallowed up in victory;
> Endless joys in bliss await them,
> Life and *immorality!*

Some admirer of the famous actress, Mrs. Oldfield, wrote a funeral oration in her praise, which, thanks to the printer, opened thus: "Let oratory be silent, rhetoric be dumb; let the pomp and pageantry of sorrow, the silent procession, the sable hearse, and the mourning *fiends*, pass unregarded by!" To deprive the word "windows" of its *n* seems to be a favorite trick with compositors; an auctioneer lately announced his intention of knocking down "a surplus stock of bay-widows, complete, glazed with best British plate;" and worse still, an Irish paper reporting the burning down of a school-house, told how a brave fellow ran to the place, gained access to the school-room, "at once kicked out three of the widows, and then proceeded to throw out the children to the people assembled there, and by that means succeeded in saving several."

Equally awkward results accrue from the substitution of one letter for another. A theatrical critic desiring to note the fact that a fair representative of Shakspeare's *Ariel* "did not sing," was made answerable for the uncomplimentary assertion that the lady "did nothing." A popular periodical added to our stock of historical knowledge by informing us that Henry IV of England derived the "red nose" from his grandfather, of course intending to say he inherited from his grandsire the cognizance of the red rose; a blunder reminding one of Fanny Fudge's complaint of the stupid printer transforming "freshly blown roses" into "fleshy brown noses;" and doubtless the writer of the heraldic essay re-echoed the fair Fanny's anathema. Equally annoying must it have been to the clergyman who wrote of "the force of a Scripture parable," to find himself made responsible for such an unclerical expression as "the *farce* of a Scripture parable." The printer of a statement circulated by an Accident Assurance Company, setting forth the compensation received by insurers unfortunate or fortunate enough to have occasion to test the value of their investments, seems to have set his mind upon producing the oddest misprints. According to the official document, one individual obtained two hundred pounds because his "wig upset in turning a corner;" another got three hundred pounds for being thrown from his "chairs" when his "house took fright;" and a third lost his life, thereby costing the company a thousand pounds, by by being "blown from his gig."

In an American acting edition of Gerald Griffin's *Gisippus*, Chremes heralds the arrival of the hero of the play with:

> There's a smile!—you longed to see one—
> The smile successful lore wears;

instead of—

> The smile successful *love* wears.

We should much like to know whether the misreading established itself upon the American stage. When Othello, wise all too late, becomes convinced of the baseness of his trusted ancient, the betrayed Moor exclaims:

I look down towards his feet; but that's a fable!

An allusion to cloven hoofs, that utterly vanishes in a modern edition of the tragedy, where the line runs—

I look down towards his feet; but that's a *table!*

a new reading, that might have emanated from a matter-of-fact commentator, and one which would doubtless affect the sensibilities of an audience quite as greatly as the original text. No stranger news ever came from Mexico than that General Pillow and thirty-seven men had been lost in a *bottle;* and no stranger remedy for neuralgia was ever propounded than that put forth by a Philadelphia journal, which assured all concerned they might easily abate their sufferings by simply putting a roasted *pig* in the mouth. A Western paper complimented the Russian Archduke Alexis by speaking of him as "the noble Kuss," a misprint as likely to be due to the compositor's fancy for a joke, as to carelessness in "setting up." Printers' errors are sometimes suspiciously germane to the matter: one can hardly believe it was by pure accident that one newspaper startled its readers with the news that a train had run over a cow and cut it in "calves;" that another concluded its announcement of a theatrical performance for the benefit of the Goldsmiths' and Jewellers' Institute, with the notification: "Tickers only benefit!" or that a third made its art critic describe one of Lance's fruit-pieces as "a *Sauce* that makes the mouth water."

Poetry is as easily marred by the insertion of an unnecessary letter as by the omission of a necessary one. Take these lines, for instance, as they were quoted in a review:

And shall I blame you, sweet, because you choose
A softer path of life than mine could be?
I keep our secret here, and no man knows
What passed five years ago 'twixt you and me—
Two lovers begotten at the selfsame time,
When that gold summertide was in its prime;
One love lives yet, and one died with the rose.

Of course, we infer that the lady and gentleman were born at the self-same hour, in the midsummer season; but the poet really never hinted anything of the sort, for he wrote:

Two *loves* begotten at the selfsame time,
When that gold summertide was in its prime.

As Portia's love-anxious eyes follow the steps of her heart's lord as he moves towards the fateful caskets, she compares Bassanio to

Young Alcides, when he did redeem
The virgin-tribute paid by howling Troy;

by merely transposing a couple of letters, the above lines are modernized with a vengeance into—

Young Alcides, when he did redeem
The virgin-tribute paid by howling *Tory*.

A curious misprint, involving an absurd impossibility, is to be found in an edition of Shakspeare's plays published within the last five years; the following words being put in the mouth of Henry IV when recounting the smooth and welcome news brought by Sir Walter Blunt from the North:

The Earl of Douglas is discomfited;
Ten thousand Sects, two and twenty knights,
Balked in their own blood, did Sir Walter see
On Holmedon's plains.

Here the error is palpable enough; but, generally speaking, when it is a matter not of letters but of words, typographical mistakes may easily pass undetected. Few readers of Thackeray's *Lectures upon the English Humorists* would see anything out of the way in his alluding to Smollett's Dr. Morgan as "the wild apothecary," or suspect that "wild" ought to be "Welsh;" and we are sure no one acquainted with the writings of Mrs. Manley would demur at her being styled "the detestable authoress of the *New Atalantis*," although Thackeray really wrote "the delectable authoress." For slips of this sort, however, the writer must be held accountable. To illegible or doubtful handwriting we are certainly indebted for the odd statement respecting Dr. Livingstone, that he was well in health, but much troubled by the people about him: "The *savants* are not to be trusted, and it was only by strat-

agem that he got his letter forwarded to Mr. Kirk;" for "savants" read "servants," and the statement may be accepted as true. It was not the compositor's fault that a new geranium was lauded as likely to prove "a great addition to our *pastures*," instead of "to our parterres;" that an actress noted for dressing superbly was said to have "*lisped* as usual in the best taste;" or that the military world was amused by a newspaper announcing, long before "autumn manœuvres" were thought of, that the authorities at Aldershot had ordered every regiment in camp to be marched out twice a week, to *battle*, attended by one combatant and one medical officer, when the order issued was that the troops should *bathe* regularly. Neither can there be much doubt that the pen was to blame for its being necessary for the *New Haven Register* to tell its readers: "In the article upon Yale College, in our last, for 'alum water' read '*alma mater!*'" A blunder ridiculous enough, in all conscience, but not so ridiculous as that perpetrated by the *Pittsburgh Argus*, when it described a certain gentleman as "a nobby old burglar, prowling around in a naked state," in place of lauding him as "a noble old burgher, proudly loving his native State."

Press errors of another description must be debited rather to treacherous ears than heedless hands. That fact, however, would hardly reconcile a man to seeing a near relative set down in a blue-book as "a pauper in the workhouse," instead of "a partner in the works." A silver-voiced lawyer, complimenting the leader of the House, by remarking of him, that "eloquence was bursting from every pore," had the sentence transformed by a cruel reporter into "perspiration exuded from every pore;" and when, in "another place," the same legal light pronounced the law administered in courts of equity to be perfect *terra incognita* to practitioners in the courts of common law, he was represented to have said the justice administered in the one was "a perfect terror" to practitioners in the other.

Lord Brougham was fond of relating an amusing instance of misreporting, which was no joke to the victim of it. A bishop, at one of his country visitations, found occasion to complain of the deplorable state of a certain church, the roof of which was evidently anything but water-tight; after rating those concerned for their neglect, his lordship finished by declaring emphatically that he would not visit the *damp old church* again until it was put in decent order. His horror may be imagined when he discovered himself reported in the local journal as having declared: "I shall not visit this damned old church again." The bishop lost no time in calling the editor's attention to the mistake; that worthy thereupon setting himself right with his readers by stating that he willingly gave publicity to his lordship's explanation, but he had every confidence in the accuracy of his reporter. The editor of an evening paper could hardly have had similar confidence in his subordinate when the latter caused his journal to record that a prisoner had been sentenced to "four months' imprisonment in the House of Commons!" In this case, we fancy the reporter must have been in the same exhilarated condition as his American brother, who ended his account of a city banquet with the frank admission: "It is not distinctly remembered by anybody present who made the last speech!"

Advertisers are adepts at ambiguity. A lady advertises her desire to obtain a husband "with a Roman nose having strong religious tendencies." "A spinster particularly fond of children" informs the public that she "wishes for two or three, *having none of her own.*" Somebody wants

"a young man to look after a horse of the Methodist persuasion;" a draper desires to meet with an assistant who would "take an active and energetic interest in a small first-class trade, and in a quiet family;" and a Boston chemist advertises "the gentleman who left his stomach for analysis will please call and get it, together with the result." Slipshod English is not, however, confined to the advertisement columns, or we should not be able to read of the shooting of a wild-cat "by a little boy five feet eight inches long;" of a procession, which "was very fine, and nearly two miles in length, as was also the prayer of Mr. Perry, the chaplain;" nor should we be "much scandalized to note the fact," that "Miss Corry, in the presence of a large number of officials, named the ship yesterday, and she was quietly warped out to her moorings in the river by ropes." An American paper, dilating upon the success attained by a "self-made man," said he "arrived in California twenty years ago with only *one* shirt to his back; and since then, has contrived, by close application to business, to accumulate *over ten millions*." President Taylor's celebrated bull: "We are at peace with all the world, and continue to cherish relations of amity with the rest of mankind," is pretty fairly matched by one perpetrated by an English theatrical paper, which, after announcing a forthcoming benefit performance, went on: "Of course, *every one will be there*, and for the edification *of those who are absent*, a full report will be found in our next paper."

In our grandfathers' days, the hunting out of comical cross-readings was a favorite diversion of small witlings; such things are only produced now by sheer acident, when, in "making-up" for the press, a portion of a column of type gets mysteriously imported into a place where it has no manner of business, thereby causing things to become considerably mixed. By the intrusion of the termination of a criminal trial into an operatic criticism, a panegyrical account of a new singer finished up with, "he was sentenced to five years' penal servitude, so that society will for some time be freed from the infliction of his presence." By part of a report of a public meeting straying into one about the accidents on a foggy night, it was made to appear that a "Mr. Hodson moved the Brandy Quay into the water." A weekly newspaper lately served up this piece of hotch-potch: "Yesterday, a coal porter named John Sharp was received into the chest on Friday evening. It appears that he had gone to the hospital, having received severe bruises about the Metropolitan Market, to purchase a horse, and seeing one to please him, he bought it; he took it home, and when in the act of examining it, the animal struck out and kicked him." A country paper contrived to beat the above by dexterously combining a paragraph concerning an unlucky dog with another concerning a popular preacher: "The Rev. J. Thompson preached to a large congregation last Sunday. This was his last sermon previous to his departure for London. He exhorted his brethren and sisters; and after offering a devout prayer, took a whim to cut some frantic freaks. He ran up the High Street and down Queen Street to the college. At this stage of the proceedings, some boys seized him, tied a tea-kettle to his tail, and let him go. A great crowd gathered, and for a few minutes there was a lively scene." This was, however, nothing compared with what made the Rev. Dr. Mudge mad. The doctor had been presented with a gold-headed cane, and the same week a patent pig-killing and sausage-making machine had been tried at a factory in the place of which he was pastor. The writer of a report of the presentation and a description of the new machine

for the local newspaper thus records the accident that ensued: "The inconsiderate Caxtonian who made up the forms of the paper got the two locals mixed up in a frightful manner, and when we went to press, something like this was the apalling result: Several of the Rev. Dr. Mudge's friends called upon him yesterday, and after a brief conversation, the unsuspicious pig was seized by the hind-legs and slid along a beam until he reached the hot-water tank. His friends explained the object of their visit, and presented him with a very handsome gold-headed butcher, who grabbed him by the tail, swung him round, slit his throat from ear to ear, and in less than a minute, the carcass was in the water. Thereupon, he came forward, and said that there were times when the feelings overpowered one, and for that reason he would not attempt to do more than thank those around him for the manner in which such a huge animal was cut into fragments was simply astonishing. The doctor concluded his remarks, when the machine seized him, and in less time than it takes to write it, the pig was cut into fragments, and worked up into delicious sausages. The occasion will long be remembered by the doctor's friends as one of the most delightful of their lives. The best pieces can be procured for tenpence a pound; and we are sure that those who have sat so long under his ministry will rejoice that he has been treated so handsomely." We cannot vouch for the genuineness of the foregoing; but whether it be genuine or manufactured, it would be difficult to find a more complete specimen of a typographical mixture.

THE FLOWER YOU GAVE ME.

I PLANTED it within my heart, and lo!
The thorns about its stem transfixed me so,
That, steeped in my heart's blood, its roots did grow.

And hot my tears fell on its rose-hued bloom;
And deep my sighs drank in its rare perfume;
And dark my pain its beauty bathed in gloom.

So I, the flow'ret might have cast away,
But Pray'r came knocking to my heart one day,
And, midst its wounds, entreated leave to stay.

Her white feet scarce had entered softly there,
When from those blood-steeped roots shot tendrils fair,
Which, with the thorns, she wove in crown most rare,

And on the stem then dropping heav'nly dew
Of resignation, soon transformed it grew
To semblance of the Cross, a stronghold true,

O love! for your sweet blossom; and a blest
And changeless shelter where my pain can rest,
Cross, crown, and flow'r by Pray'r held in my breast!

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE question of the opening of the International Exhibition, at Philadelphia, on Sunday, has caused the whole subject of the observance of the Lord's Day to be ventilated. The Catholic position, that it is a holy day, and that it is to be observed by attendance at religious services, but that it is not a day of penitential gloom like Good Friday, commends itself alike to the common sense as well as the religious feelings of people. It is a day of rest, of relaxation, of prayer; not of revelry or dissipation, not on the other hand, of sorrow, gloom, and misery. The old-fashioned idea of many Protestants that it is a day of penance is exploded, and the equally cherished prejudice that a "Continental" or Catholic Sunday is a day of revelry is equally being dissipated. Nowhere is Sunday better observed than in genuine Catholic districts; in the Tyrol, in Brittany, in the country districts of Italy, Spain, and France. First, the faithful go to Mass; then they meet in social intercourse, dance on the village green, or take a stroll. A distinguished Protestant minister in Philadelphia says on this subject:

"We hear the word 'Continental,' or 'European,' Sunday, in this connection, as a word of ill omen, as if Sunday on the continent of Europe were a mere riot of immorality and dissipation. The fact is, it is nothing of the kind. I have used the opportunity of observing it in two long visits, and I unhesitatingly say that it is a rational, delightful holiday, which every honest onlooker must rejoice in. The population of Europe, as a mass, at least of France and Italy, use Sunday wisely. Quite as large a portion of them, I believe, attend services of worship as do so here. Their churches are everywhere crowded, and by actual count, which I have repeatedly made in the churches of Paris, Rome, Florence, Venice, and smaller places, not merely women, but fully as large a proportion of men attend them, as is the case here. The rest of the day is spent in refreshing pleasure-seeking. Business is practically suspended. Stores are as generally closed in Rome as in New York. The same is almost as true of Paris. In rural cities and country-towns Sunday is a quiet and charming day; cheerful, but orderly."

He might have added that the Catholics of Rome are hard at work now endeavoring to prevent work on a Sunday.

Let the Exhibition be open on part of Sunday by all means.

WE in the United States have much to learn from what the Catholics of Europe are now doing. Take for example the Catholic committees of France. These committees are composed of leading lay Catholics as well as of bishops and priests, and all act together in a spirit of co-operation. They somewhat resemble the Catholic Unions of America. But French Catholics know, that to produce any effect on the general public, these committees must act together as one body, and the "General Convention of Catholic Committees" met in Paris last month. The Cardinal Archbishop of Paris presided, several bishops assisted, and a list of the committees and their work shows how wide a field their exertions cover. There is first the "Committee on Prayer," whose object is to form and encourage all sodalities, confraternities, and associations of prayer. Then comes the "Committee of Pontifical Works," designed to aid in the collection of Peter's pence and the support of the Holy See. Practical work is attended to by the "Committee of Works," which devises ways and means to aid the bishops and clergy in all their enterprises. Education is so important that its interests are attended to by a Committee of Education. The Catholic press is supported and aided by another committee; Christian art, in all its multifarious branches, from the decoration of churches to a child's religious card, is attended to by another committee, while the formation of Catholic working men's associations, and the complex problems arising from the relations and conflicts of labor and capital are attended to by the "Committee on Social Economy." As all these interests may become the subject of legislation and governmental action, there is a "Committee on Legislation," to watch the movements of the politicians, and all acts hostile to the Catholic Church.

Certainly there is ample room, indeed, a pressing necessity, for similar organizations in this country.

THE following extract from a recent pastoral of a French bishop deserves attention. He quotes some persons, who say: "Behold France, Austria, Italy, and Spain, that is to say, all the Catholic powers rapidly declining, and losing their prestige, whilst England, Russia, and Germany—that is to say, all the heretical powers—are in the way of prosperity, and are increasing rapidly. Catholicity breaks down nations, whilst Protestantism raises them up; the Latin race are in a decline, the future is for the Ger-

manic races and for the nations of the North."

The Bishop proceeds to confute this idea, and to show that England and France are at least equal in courage, enterprise, and skill, while in charity, and in the condition of the poorer classes, France is far ahead of England. As regards Germany, it must be noted that nearly half of the Germans are Catholics, who are not inferior in any way to their Protestant fellow-countrymen. Belgium is the most flourishing and happy country in Europe, and it is thoroughly Catholic. In South America, the most Catholic and the most flourishing state is Brazil. Mexico, and the other states, often quoted as examples of the bad effects of the Catholic religion, are, in reality, strong proofs of quite another fact, viz., the rank absurdity of proclaiming republics in countries where the people are not prepared for them by the previous exercise of some degree of freedom.

The prosperous condition of the North of Ireland is often contrasted with the poverty of the South, the wealth of the Protestants with the penury of the Catholics. But half of the alleged poverty of Catholic Ireland is untrue, and the rest is explained by the persecutions it has undergone.

It has been said, and with some truth, that Catholics are not such readers as Protestants. This is rapidly becoming less and less true. For it there are several reasons, and we think that one reason is the want of good, cheap libraries, or sets of books. In novels, for example, a set of Dickens's novels, or Scott's tales, or Mrs. Wood's stories, can be procured for twenty-five cents or fifty cents a volume. There should be sets of Catholic biographies, histories, works on science and on art, permeated with a true Catholic spirit, indeed, yet not ignoring the works and discoveries of others. Abundant stores of materials are on hand for such a series; and if brought out in a cheap form, we should imagine there would be no lack of purchasers. But the Catholic personages must be real flesh and blood, and not walking saints; and the historical sketches must be truthful, and not merely laudatory panegyrics of the chief actors, who were on the right side, and unsparing denunciation of all those who were on the wrong side. There have been noble characters who have, unfortunately, spent all their best energies on the wrong side; and there have been worthless kings and emperors, who have yet strenuously supported the Catholic Church for their own purposes.

During the present month the Church in the United States has lost several priests. Rev. A. Louis Rosecrans, one of the Paulist missionary fathers, and eldest son of Major-General Rosecrans, died, at New York, on the 11th May, at the age of 27. He was ordained priest in 1872, by his uncle, Bishop S. H. Rosecrans, of Columbus. Father Archer, of St. Louis, has also gone; and Father Heter, O. M. I.

The Rev. Thomas E. Legouais, S. J., also died, at the College of St. Francis Xavier, 49 West Fifteenth Street, N. Y., in the eighty-fourth year of his age. Born in France in 1793, he became a friar in 1821. In 1832 Father Legouais came to America, and went to St. Mary's College, Marion County, Kentucky; then to St. John's College, Fordham, in 1846. In 1870 he was removed to St. Francis Xavier's College, in Sixteenth Street, N. Y., where he spent the last years of his holy life. For half a century Father Legouais was engaged as professor or spiritual adviser in the field of education.

An outburst of Turkish fanaticism, resulting in the murder of the consuls of France and Germany, at Salonica, has caused or precipitated further complications in the East. The two nations, insulted in the persons of their respective envoys, immediately demanded that due reparation be made. French, German, English, and Italian war vessels have been ordered to Salonica and to various other ports. Although several of the murderers have been executed, the excitement has by no means calmed. Riots have broken out in Constantinople, massacres are reported as having taken place in Bosnia, and the foreigners and Christians in Turkey are arming.

Salonica, the ancient Thessalonica, where St. Paul preached, and famous also in history as the scene of the terrible massacre in 390, for which the Emperor Theodosius was put under penance by St. Ambrose, is a city of 70,000 inhabitants at the head of the Gulf of Salonica. There are 20,000 Jews and as many Greeks in the city.

The discussion on Freemasonry has revived lately. The conversion of the Marquis of Ripon, who occupied a high position in the "craft" in England, the late exposure in France by Bishop Dupanloup, and other circumstances, have contributed to this result. To many it appears simply as a friendly confederation engaged in offices of mutual assistance, yet there is truth in these remarks of the Dublin *Nation*:

"A society, the rites of which are incredibly childish; which exacts from its votaries an impious oath of secrecy before revealing to them its objects; which, by creating a secret state within the state, and a family within the family, endangers alike the state and the family; and, finally, so many of whose lodges ring with anti-Christian and antisocial anathemas, stands self-condemned,

and can never be to men of virtue who closely examine it, anything else than a beacon-light to warn them of danger."

On April 30th the Los Angeles Cathedral, in California, was consecrated by Archbishop Alemany, assisted by Bishops Arnat and Mora. The consecration was followed by a sermon, at which Archbishop Alemany gave a very interesting sketch of the California missions, and showed that Catholicity was the first faith preached in California, and Catholics the first settlers, a fact which the very names of San Francisco, Los Angeles, and many more testify.

In the evening the relics of St. Vibiana were transferred from the old church to the cathedral. The relics were conveyed in a magnificent urn, and were accompanied by a procession of great length and considerable pomp.

The diocese of Monterey and Los Angeles, in California, has 34,000 Catholics and 36 priests. A full account of the early missions to California will be found in the RECORD of April, 1873.

The influence of anti-Catholic feeling was, as is well known, felt in Ohio last fall at the election there, and this year it has been felt, to a smaller extent it is true, but still perceptibly, in New Hampshire and Connecticut. It seems strange that in this country, where the Catholic Church is not identified with any political party, that this should be the case. As regards Connecticut, however, we see that there are five or six Catholics in its Legislature; and it also appears that there are many persons and families all over the State, who have Irish Catholic names who are yet not Catholics. How many were lost to the Church from the first settlement of America, until the appointment of Bishop Carroll, none can tell. Although it is true that from 1776 till 1876 the Church has increased from a nonentity to a position of power, yet thousands were lost to the Church in the early days from the want of priests!

The College of St. Joseph for foreign missions at Mill Hill, London, which has sent missionaries to the negroes of the United States, has published a very interesting report. The Rev. James Noonan is provincial, and there are missions at Baltimore and Marlborough in Maryland, at Louisville in Kentucky, and Charleston in South Carolina.

There are thousands of colored people in all our great cities who are entirely neglected. Yet no race is so susceptible of religious ideas. There have been negro saints, there are many negro Catholics in Africa and in Louisiana and Florida, to say nothing of South America. Yet what efforts to catholicize the negro are made by American Catholics in the great cities? Very few, indeed.

The annual crusade, in England, against the religious communities was inaugurated in Parliament last month, when Sir Thomas Chambers asked it to undertake an inquiry into the number, rate of increase, character, and present position in relation to the law of monastic and conventual institutions in Great Britain.

This wiseacre said that instead of 53 convents, as there was in 1853, there were now 399! In these abodes, he said, the inmates were deprived of "liberty," "rights," and "property." It seems incredible that so foolish and insulting an inquiry should find any supporters; yet no less than 80 bigots supported it, and it was rejected by a majority of 40. This is one species of annoyance to which we are not subject in America.

Church building continues in the United States with its usual energy. Among recent important dedications of new churches are those of St. Vincent's, Chicago, belonging to the Lazarists; St. Charles Borromeo's, Philadelphia; and the two cathedrals of Savannah and Los Angeles. The former cathedral cost $200,000, and has been erected by Bishop Gross in two years.

The congregation of St. Francis Xavier's Church, New York, are about to build a new edifice.

The corner-stone of the new church of St. Paul the Apostle, attached to the house of the Paulist Fathers, Fifty-ninth Street, in New York, will be laid on the 14th of June.

On the 13th of June the new and beautiful church at Clonliffe, Ireland, dedicated to the Holy Cross, will be dedicated. His Eminence, Cardinal Cullen, writes in his Pastoral: "This church is destined to preserve a precious relic of the cross, given to me by his Holiness Pius IX, and also to commemorate the dedication of the Archdiocese of Dublin to the Sacred Heart on Passion Sunday, 1873."

On the very spot where of yore the power of the heathen Danes in Ireland was broken and destroyed, the Catholicity of St. Patrick's land has erected a memorial to the Saving Emblem of our Redemption. A more appropriate or significant event could hardly be chronicled.

The International Exhibition, at Philadelphia, was opened by the President of the United States on May 10th. The proceed-

ings were uninteresting, and the Cantata by Lanier contained a glorification of the Mayflower, and the Huguenots, ignoring both Penn and the Pilgrims of Maryland, as was to be expected. However, the people were there in great numbers, and the triumphs of human ingenuity and skill displayed in both the Main Building and Machinery Hall are truly wonderful. It is still a moot point if the Exhibition will pay in a pecuniary point of view; but it is indisputable that it is a school of knowledge such as we have never had in America, for all who choose to use it as such.

CATHOLIC papers multiply. Within the last few years Ohio has started the *Cleveland Universe* and the *Catholic Columbian;* Indiana, the *Central Catholic;* Georgia, the *Southern Cross;* Florida, the *St. Augustine Instructor;* and Brooklyn, the *Catholic Review,* to mention no others. The *Connecticut Catholic* has now appeared in the "Wooden Nutmeg" State, and the *Messenger* in West Virginia, while other papers will soon be started. All the above promise a long life; but others seem "born but to die." We shall not feel satisfied before every diocese in the United States has its own Catholic paper. There is room enough for all.

ARCHBISHOP PURCELL was born in Mallow, Ireland, in 1800, studied at Mount St. Mary's, Emmettsburg, and the Seminary of St. Sulpice, Paris, and was ordained May 20th, 1826, at Notre Dame. First Professor, then President of Mount St. Mary's, Emmettsburg, he was consecrated Bishop of Cincinnati at the Cathedral of Baltimore in 1833. His diocese embraced the State of Ohio. At that time the City of Cincinnati had only *one* church. It has *now* sixty. The State is divided into three dioceses, Cincinnati, Cleveland, and Columbus, which contain 450,000 Catholics, 377 priests, and 443 churches, to say nothing of schools, convents, monasteries, hospitals, etc.

FUNERAL arrangements seem to be attracting some attention lately. Archbishop Lynch, of Toronto, has been trying to abolish the custom of having so many carriages. And now Bishop Hendricken, of Providence, says: "We hate to see a profusion of flowers at funerals. A few roses, violets, or sprigs of myrtle, are not out of place in the death-room; but harps, crosses, garlands, and pyramids of costly exotics, which a perverse custom is now introducing around the coffin, look supremely foolish."

There is a great deal more of vanity and display about these extravagances than good sense or propriety.

ON Sunday, May 21st, was commenced, at Cincinnati, the celebration of the Golden Jubilee of the Most Reverend Archbishop Purcell. This great prelate, one of the most illustrious of the American hierarchy, was ordained priest on the 20th of May, 1826, at the Cathedral of Notre Dame, by Archbishop Quelen, the saintly occupant of the See of Paris. Out of three hundred who were ordained on that occasion, the venerable Archbishop of Cincinnati and the present Bishop of Chartres are the sole survivors. The celebration lasted three days.

THE Cathedral at Baltimore was consecrated on Ascension Thursday, May 25th, by Archbishop Bayley, assisted by Archbishop Wood and Bishops Gross, Becker, McNierney, Gibbons, Corrigan, and Kane. The cornerstone was laid July 7th, 1806, by Bishop Carroll. It was completed and dedicated in 1821. It has long been burdened with a heavy debt, which has now been cleared off, and consequently it is consecrated forever to the service of God.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

BERTHA: An Historical Romance of the time of Henry IV, Emperor of Germany. By Conrad von Boldnden. Translated by S. B. A. Harper. New York: D. & J. Sadlier & Co., 31 Barclay Street. Montreal: 275 Notre Dame Street. 1876.

The reign of Henry IV of Germany will long be remembered. It was the source of unspeakable miseries to the people of Germany and Italy, and of great evils in the Church. His father, Henry III, was a wise and prudent prince, but Henry IV disdained to walk in the footsteps of his illustrious father. He was possessed of great natural ability, but was the slave of uncontrolled passions and of inordinate ambition. He surrounded himself, too, with evil counsellors and unprincipled courtiers and favorites, who, seeking only their own advancement, encouraged the Emperor to give loose reins to his evil instincts. He passed much of his time in dissipation and debauch, and intrusted the administration of the empire to persons as licentious, prodigal, and arbitrary as himself. Hence complaints were

heard on all sides of the most outrageous crimes, committed by the Emperor personally and also by his immediate favorites and counsellors, of watchful fathers and faithful husbands murdered that the children and wives they guarded might be made the victims of lawless passion and lust, of lands wrested by force from their lawful owners, and of free citizens and nobles tortured, imprisoned, or banished without just cause, and often without even the slightest color of legal proceedings.

The lands of the Church were at that time held under feudal tenures. This placed the bishops and abbots of that period on a secular and civil equality with the other lords and nobles. It also, however, afforded to the Emperor of Germany a pretext to demand of them the homage which temporal lords were required under the feudal system to render to their liege lord, and also assume the right to select the persons who should fill abbacies and bishoprics when they became vacant. Henry IV was not slow to put forth these claims and exercise the powers which they involved, according to his own construction of them. He seized abbacies and bishoprics as occasion served or avarice prompted, and openly sold the Church benefices to the highest bidders. He not only claimed the right of nomination, but also that of investiture. When a bishop or abbot died he seized the ring and the crozier, and kept possession of these symbols of ecclesiastical jurisdiction. He placed the most unfit and corrupt men in high spiritual offices, and thus created innumerable scandals, and a most shameful deterioration of morals among the clergy and the laity.

Of course the Holy Roman Pontiff could not regard all this with indifference. First, mild and gentle remonstrances were addressed to the Emperor, and afterwards sharper reproofs, until at last the conflict culminated in the excommunication of Henry IV by Gregory VII, followed by Henry's abject but hypocritical penance and profession of contrition at Canossa.

The tale before us only deals with the first part of Henry IV's flagitious career, that portion of it mainly in which his virtuous and estimable Queen, Bertha, is abandoned by him; and in his licentiousness he attempts to divorce her. This attempt is frustrated by the firmness of the representatives of the Holy Roman See in Germany; and Henry, moved party by fear, and partly, perhaps, by a shortlived contrition, becomes reconciled to Bertha.

In the course of the narrative a great number of historical personages and events are introduced, and a truthful picture given of the manners and customs of that age, characterized by great piety, faith, and devotion on the part of some, and by horrible cruelty and terrible wickedness on the part of others. The power and the historic truthfulness of "Conrad von Boldnden's" stories are so well known, that it is almost needless for us to say that the one we are noticing is both interesting and instructive.

READINGS FROM THE OLD TESTAMENT. Arranged with Chronological Tables, Explanatory Notes, and Maps for the Use of Students. By J. G. Wenham, Canon of Southwark. Second Edition. London: Burns & Oates, Portman Street and Paternoster Row. 1876.

A knowledge of Holy Scripture is important to the Christian. In the words of St. Paul, "all Scripture, divinely inspired, is profitable to teach, to reprove, to correct, to instruct in justice." And if this be generally important at all times, it is specially so now, when efforts are everywhere made to secure the highest cultivation of the intellect as regards all matters outside of religion.

Yet to rely on persons acquiring this knowledge of Holy Scripture by simply putting the Bible into their hands will not answer. For, first, the Bible is not the private, personal possession of any individual, but is part of the treasure of divine revelation committed to the Church, by her to be taught, explained, and expounded. And if the absurdity of expecting each individual to interpret it for himself were not sufficiently obvious from its own extrinsic and intrinsic difficulties on the one hand, and the utter incompetency of the majority of persons from want of the requisite learning and the requisite intellectual training and ability on the other, it would become so, when the profound nature of the truths stated or touched upon in the Sacred Scriptures are considered. But we are not left to our own reasonings on this subject. The Church expressly teaches that the inspired writings and their interpretation were committed to her, and that she only has the ability and the office authoritatively to interpret them; for which see St. Peter, the first Sovereign Pontiff (2d Epistle of St Peter 1 : 20).

Apart from this, however, there are certain practical reasons why it will not do to put the Bible itself and it only into the student's hands. It is too long and too intricate for him to make out of it a consecutive history (much less a digest of Christian doctrine). "He cannot," as Canon Wenham well remarks, "learn it all, and wants the knowledge of what he may best leave out. Moreover, the difficulties he will continually meet, and which are studiously brought out by modern thinkers, will make him say with the Ethiopian, when Philip, the Deacon, asked him, 'Understandest thou what

thou readest?' 'How can I unless some one show me.' "

With a view of assisting students of the Old Testament in overcoming some of these difficulties, he has made selections and arranged them in such order as to form a consecutive history, adding short remarks, where required, to keep up the connection, and explanations on points of difficulty taken from approved writers.

The "Readings" are divided into four historical periods:

1. *The Patriarchs;* or the Old Testament history from the beginning to the birth of Moses, *i. e.*, from B. C. 4004 to B. C. 1571, a period of 2433 years.

2. *The Israelites;* or the history of God's chosen people from the birth of Moses to the end of the Judges, *i. e.*, from B. C. 1571 to B. C. 1075, a period of 496 years.

3. *The Kings;* or history of the Israelites from the establishment of the kingdom to its end, *i. e.*, from B. C. 1075 to B. C. 606, a period of 469 years,

4. *The Prophets;* history of the Jews from B. C. 606 to the birth of Christ, including a particular account of the prophetic writings.

A work such as this is one of no small difficulty, but Canon Wenham has brought to its accomplishment great care and judgment, and performed the task undertaken with great success. To persons desirous of tracing out continuously the history of God's fulfilment of the declaration and promise, that the woman should crush the serpent's head, up to the bringing forth into the world at Bethlehem by the Immaculate Mother of God of the Holy Child, Jesus, this work will be one of great use and value.

REAL LIFE. By Madame Mathilde Frourent (Mme. Bourdon). Translated from the French by Miss Newlin. Baltimore: Kelly, Piet & Co. 1876.

This book is specially written, as we learn from the preface, for young girls and young wives. It is not a treatise on morality, nor a series of lectures on domestic duties; but a narrative in the form of letters of the incidents which a young girl, trained in the practice of true religion, and continuing in it through wedded life up to old age, may expect to meet and pass through. The writer says: "We have tried to paint life as it is, with its great and modest duties, its secret struggles, which God's eye alone sees and makes account of, the joys and sorrows of home, and the happiness of earth, which is only (according to Ducis) a sorrow more or less consoled." The heroine is placed in the middle rank of society, equally removed from poverty and material splendor, sheltered from those great catastrophes which often follow brilliant fortunes. Her joys and her sorrows come to her from her own family. Her experiences are simply those of woman as daughter, wife, and mother. And these are depicted by the writer as they are in real life, and stripped of the romantic hues with which the fervid imagination of youth is apt to clothe them. The thought of God is always present amidst the difficulties, the struggles, the trials, the consolations, the rewards, and the victories, which attend the Christian woman; the teachings of religion always intervening to moderate her joys and console her in sorrow.

Following out these thoughts and on this plan, the author has written, in a series of letters, commencing with girlhood, and continuing on through married life to advanced age, a very interesting and readable little work, and at the same time one that is both instructive and edifying. It is handsomely bound, and is very suitable for presentation as a premium for merit in our Catholic female schools and academies, and by parents to their daughters.

ALL AROUND THE MOON: From the French of Jules Verne. Freely translated by Edward Roth. With a Map of the Moon, constructed and engraved for this edition, and also with an Appendix, containing the Famous Moon Hoax, by R. Adonis Locke. New York: The Catholic Publication Society, No. 9 Warren Street. 1876.

Those who have read any of Jules Verne's works, and especially those who have read his *Baltimore Gun Club*, will not fail to read *All Around the Moon*. It is the sequel of the *Baltimore Gun Club*, the plot and plan of which it carries out to a proper finale with wonderful consistency of detail.

Intermingled with the imaginary incidents of the trip towards and around the moon are many clear statements of scientific facts and principles, and explanations of the manner of solving important problems in physics. The work, therefore, while serving the purpose of relaxation to educated adults from severer pursuits, and amusement to intelligent youth, will also impart valuable information, and some not easily obtainable even from ordinary treatises on astronomy and physics. The task of translating the work into English has been well performed by Prof. Roth. Indeed, it is scarcely doing him justice to style it a translation. It is rather a reproduction in a form suited to America of the original work.

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